THE

LADIES'

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SEPTEMBER, 1825.

THE INFANT LYRA.

MUSIC is an art not only peculiar to the human species, but it is also one, for which some individuals are endowed with an inherent taste by Nature, and for which others have not the slightest capacity, being utterly incapable of distinguishing musical concords from discords, or of deriving the least pleasure from the harmonious combination of notes. Pope, the celebrated poet, who seems to have had as perfect a perception of the melody of verse, as ever belonged to a human being, was utterly indifferent to the charms of music, so that he was accustomed to assert that he derived no gratification whatever from hearing the finest strains of Handel: and the writer of this memoir has heard a clergyman of his acquaintance sincerely delare, that the performance of Madame Catalani afforded him no more pleasure than the singing of the vilest balad-monger in the street; he used, indeed, to say, that he could form no conception of the feeling by which persons were actuated, in displaying an eager desire to hear a celebrated singer, or other musical performer.

But while there are individuals, who, to use a common expressive phrase, seem to be totally destitute of any ear for music, there are others to whom belong peculiar powers and faculties, corporeal and mental, which enable them, as if by enchantment, to overcome the difficulties of the art, and attain, as it were by intuition, a facility of musical performance, and a perception of the principles by which it is governed, not to be acquired by the generality of mankind, without long study and practice. There is a gentleman now living, and among

the most eminent of his profession in this country, who, at a a very early age, became a performer on the organ. Mozart, with many of whose delightful airs, every reader, at all acquainted with music, must be familiar, was another instance of precocious musical talents. When only seven years old, he exhibited his extraordinary powers of execution on the harpsichord at Paris, and subsequently in London, to the surprise and delight of all who heard him. Several phenomena of a similar kind have occurred of late years, among which may be noticed the instance of Master George Aspull, who, about a year and a half ago, had the honour to charm the ears of Royalty with the "concord of sweet sounds;" and who could then play any piece at sight, and compose extemporarily with taste and accuracy.

But of all the examples of premature musical ability which have been recorded, that of the "Infant Lyra," whose portrait is prefixed to the present number of the Ladies' Museum, is perhaps the most remarkable. This child, now about five years old, plays on the harp with a degree of skill, taste, and feeling, which has very rarely been witnessed. That great industry must have been exercised, both by this little girl and her instructors, cannot for a moment be doubted by those who witness her performance; but had she not possessed a fund of natural genius, such as very rarely falls to the lot of a human being, ten times the tuition she can possibly have been subjected to might have been lavished on her in vain. She is the daughter of an Irish gentleman, of respectable connexions and honourable ancestry, possessed of a competent estate in his native country, which has for some centuries belonged to his family. He has been an officer in the army, and spent a considerable part of his life in the British service. Her mother is the niece of a gentleman of rank, and is related to some Irish families of distinction. She is a good performer on the piano-forte, and possesses extraordinary talents for the art of painting. When only ten years old, she painted, in oil, scripture pieces and other historical subjects, in a style of excellence which has called forth the admiration of some distinguished artists, who have been favoured with a sight of them. The singular talents of her daughter may therefore be regarded as an instance of hereditary genius. This infant appears to have displayed a fondness for music almost as soon

as her ears became susceptible of the sensation of sound. For when but nine months old, she was obviously affected with delight at listening to the performance of a tune. Her mother, observing that she manifested a dislike for some tunes, or musical passages, and a peculiar predilection for others, determined to try the accuracy of her ear, by running through the notes of the musical octave, with the exception of the last, when the infant, with a look denoting surprise and expectation, sounded the note wanting to complete the octave. And if in running through the eight notes the third or fifth were omitted, she would instinctively supply it, thus displaying that sense of harmony on which musical science is founded. When the child was no more than sixteen months old, she would sing a tune on hearing it, and by the time she had reached the age of a year and a half, she became sensible of the distinction between major and minor keys in music. The harp, on which she has attained such exquisite skill as a performer, was the instrument which first attracted her notice. One was kept in a room into which she was often carried, and she no sooner observed its capability of yielding harmonious tones, than she shewed her partiality for it, and made it the constant object of her attention. As soon as she could walk she would get to the harp, and ere long was able to make out tunes on it. She then learnt to play in concert with her mother and sister, accompanying the instrument with her voice, and keeping correct time. When she was but two years old, a person was engaged to teach a young lady in the house, to play on the harp; and during the time the lessons lasted, the child fixed her whole attention on what was going forwards, and afterwards proceeded to practise the airs to which she had been listening. From this time she received regular instruction, and profited by it so surprisingly, that she not only soon excelled young ladies who had long studied the instrument, but also made such proficiency, that she was capable of amusing a musical audience at the Rotunda at Dublin, when but a little more than three years old. But her excellence has ever been progressive. She outstripped the instructions of her teachers; and early began to add grace and ornament to the airs which she performed. She composed original pieces, in score, with modulations, and transitions from one key to ano-

ther, according to the correctest rules of harmony. On being taught the air of a tune, she forms an accompaniment to it with spontaneous facility. More than fifty thousand persons are said to have witnessed the exhibition of this musical prodigy.—The following remarks of a gentleman, who has been among the number of her visitors, may serve to give an idea of the impression which the transcendent talents of this gifted child make on those who come within the sphere of her enchanting harmony:—

"The Infant Lyra conveys to me the most perfect idea of what may be termed intuitive genius. She takes the instrument as another child might any common toy, and with an unconsciousness of effort peculiar to her years, seems to play rather to amuse herself than others. Her cadences are sweetly executed, and she unites in the air the happiest instances of tenderness and spirit, reserving to herself the occasional indulgence of her powers, which seem animated almost to wildness, exhibiting a degree of strength amidst the chords, to which her tender frame would not be equal unassisted by the native energy of her mind. On these occasions when she seems—

'Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,'

the auditor feels a kindred animation, and carried away by the power of harmony, becomes truly sensible of its magic influence. In all this there is nothing to offend the chastest ear, which must perceive the whole to be under the government of time, strictly and mechanically correct. I also observe, in the more serious passages there is a certain elevated expression of countenance, giving her the air of an inspired minstrel, looking up to the source whence her feelings are derived."

M.

REMARKS ON WERTER.

WERTER was a weak man, led by impulse, and governed by passion; apparently without one religious feeling, or moral restraint. Had Werter valued Charlotte's happiness beyond his own gratification, (a mere momentary gratification too,) he would not have continued to engage her attention after he knew from herself she was under a promise to marry Albert.

If Werter respected her, as he professed to do, for her fulfilment of the sober duties of life, would he have dared to indulge the hope that she could esteem him as a friend when he was violating every tie of friendship, and setting at defiance the order of all social intercourse? In my opinion, had Werter been fortunate in his love, and gained honourably the object of his choice, he would still have been unhappy. The constant routine of domestic life, will not admit of those extatic flights which seemed necessary to Werter's existence. The sameness of every day intercourse, and the undisturbed possession of his Charlotte, would soon have satiated his taste and left his imagination a prey to ennui; and the want of delicacy which allowed his friend to encourage his attentions as a lover, would have wounded, beyond the hope of cure, in his wife. The delusion that overpowered every honourable feeling as a man, during his life, continued to operate in his death; a death, which, like all his actions, proved him to be selfish and unmindful of every thing, but an ostentatious display of his own sufferings. Werter was as a mad man—acting under a strong delusion from beginning to end—overpowered by passion, and a slave to his feelings. Charlotte was a vain woman, if not a guilty one; to a childish vanity she sacrificed her duty, her happiness, and her husband's peace; nay, more than this, the friend whom she professed to regard above all these considerations. Albert, though represented as possessed of many virtues, was yet faulty from the commencement of the whole. He appeared satisfied to possess Charlotte's person, and rest contentedly with seeing her bestow her attention upon another. This was either a want of proper regard for her, or he was withheld from expressing it; a degree of irresolution unbecoming any reasonable being. A well regulated mind will always consider before it commits itself to act, but it is a weakness to hesitate to avow that which we really know, and feel to be right. Confidence is absolutely necessary in all close connexions, and had Albert made Charlotte acquainted with his feelings before marriage, the result would probably have been different from what it proved.—Charlotte would, no doubt, have separated from Werter, and shewn him that she did not love him, and dared not pity him. Had there not been a proper understanding between Albert and Charlotte, it might be justly said she was at liberty to avow unequivocally her fancy for Werter;

but as she was under engagements, she was left without excuse. "A little enthusiasm is desirable in every pursuit!"—How is any person to believe themselves loved, or valued, by an object who shews them less attention than a common acquaintance would? The affection of a husband will differ from that of a lover, but it should not cease after marriage—nor will it, if it be pure love; passion will subside, but affection will increase, if the mind, not merely the person, was what inspired it. A. M.

EAST INDIES.

[The attention of this country having latterly been drawn to our Indian affairs, in consequence of the Burmese war, we consider the insertion of the following brief statistic account of our possessions there will not be unacceptable to our readers generally.]

India lies between the eighth and thirty-fifth degrees of north latitude, and the seventy-second and ninety-second of east longitude, and comprehends an area of about 1,020,000 geographical square miles. The inhabitants consist of Brahmins, Jains, Budhists, Seiks, and Pariahs, who come under the general name of Hindoos, numbers of whom are now Mahommedans, chiefly of the sect called Soonis. The foreigners in that country are called Parsees, who worship fire; the Armenians, who are of the Greek church; and Jews; but Portuguese, Dutch, English, French, Danish, Spanish, and Swedish half-casts, now are very numerous all round the coasts. Besides the native Christians, converted by the different missions from Europe, there are many Nestorians in Travancore, who were originally proselytes of St. Thomas. All the inhabitants may be thus enumerated:—

Under the East-India Company	60,000,000
Under their influence indirectly	40,000,000
Under independent Chiefs	20,000,000
In the Islands of the Indian Seas	20,000,000
Total population of the East Indies	140,000,000

In some parts of the country, the natives are scattered over the face of it, as in Ireland; but, generally speaking, they live in cities, towns, and villages. Their chief cities are Benares, Surat, Calcutta, Delhi, Madras, Bombay, Agra, Lucknow, Patna, Moorshedabad, Dacca, Poonah, Hyderabad, Nagpore, Catmandoo, Oojain, Jyenagur, Amritsa, Lahore, and Seringapatam. Some of these contain 600,000 souls each, and the lowest in the scale has upwards of 100,000 inhabitants.

The Hindoos have generally two harvests, one in September, and the other in March; but that in the dry season requires so much labour in irrigating the young crop, that it is not very productive. Rice is their general food; and, in every private point of view, they are a simple, inoffensive, merciful people. As religious fanatics, however, they are liable to be roused to acts of great desperation by their superstitions, which are the most complicated and ingenious inventions to subject human nature to priestcraft, that ever appeared in the world. They are divided into four great classes, called castes; each of which is again sectioned out into innumerable small fraternities, like masonic lodges, but without any general intercourse or recognition. This remarkable organization, teeming, as it might at first sight seem, with the seeds of disease and destruction, has been preserved for a period, dating back far beyond our power of tracing its origin.

The area of the British empire in India is nearly equal to that of all Europe; and there is great variety in its different climates, the complexion of its inhabitants, the conformation of their bodies, and their manners, dispositions, and customs. In general, the climate is not unfriendly to human existence, which is proved by its vast population in many parts; but Europeans who continue those habits of life which are common in these latitudes, often fall victims to inflammatory diseases, particularly liver complaints and fever.

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SCENES IN THE EAST.

(Continued from page 84.)

Behold! afar the vengeful bolts are hurled!
A shoreless ocean tumbles o'er the world;
But mercy broods upon the lustral wave;
Man's lonely bark, his Maker guides, and saves!

CAUCASUS.

This quarter of the globe has justly been styled "the cradle of mankind." And the corresponding recollections of the land of their origin, to be found amongst the people of the most widely separated countries, traceable even in their nursery tales, may be regarded as one minor proof of all the dispersed families of the earth having sprung from this patriarchal home.—From the earliest times, both in sacred and classical history, we find the regions between the four seas, namely the Euxine and the Caspian, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, the noted theatre of the most astonishing events; events, in which not only men, but preternatural and supernatural beings, played conspicuous parts. The very aspect of the country, is extraordinary; the Atlas of the earth, seeming to prop the heavens; it being a land of mountains, with their heads for ever diademed in the varying clouds.—Caucasus, which may be called the great fortress-gate of the East, throws forth its several lines of mountains, like rampart walls of eternal adamant, from sea to sea.—Nay, we may better say, it appears a rocky world in itself; by its thousand ramifications, touching the dominions of two European sovereigns, to the north and west; and, running down southward and eastward, bulwarks the Caspian, and overshadows "the glorious land" that was once the empire of the great Cyrus.—Both in Europe and in Asia, we hear and read of the tremendous heights and depths of Caucasus; of all the strange events recorded concerning their adjacent countries, whether in history, fable, or by poets' dreams.—Hence Jason sailed with his golden fleece; here Medea prepared her magic spells, and aided by ethereal agents, renewed the decayed forms of age, to all the freshness of youth and beauty.

And, seeing the spot, we may find a natural exposition of this wonderful legend, in the richness of the pasture vallies, in the salubrity of their springs.—But even now, the most romantic superstitions prevail amongst the natives, who delight in telling tales concerning the airy inhabitants of the mountains.—Powerful genii, they say, of benign, or evil dispositions, still hold their courts amongst the ices of Kasibeck, the snows of Elborus, or the caverned recesses of those two most towering eminences of the cloud-capped Caucasus.—And so great is the terror amongst some of the people of the valleys, no bribe could induce them, by attempting to ascend, to incur the cruel torments denounced by these spirits on any rash mortal who should dare to pierce their haunts.—They have also some particularly curious traditions respecting mount

ELBORUS.

One, that during the subsiding of the deluge, the ark of Noah, while floating over the drowned world in the direction of Ararat, smote the head of Elborus with its keel, and left the deep cleft which has remained in the mountain ever since.—It is also considered the mount of judgment, as Ararat is esteemed that of mercy; and the great dragon which seduced mankind to incur the punishment of the flood, is supposed to be confined there.—Classical writers, indeed, bear them out in this notion, by a similar tale, and tell us, that Elborus was the name of the huge and savage rock of the Caucasus to which Prometheus was chained. Eschylus has drawn the picture; and in his pages we find a true portrait of the magnitude, sublimity, and terrors, of this "stony girdle of the world," this quarry of the globe, whence all its other mountains may seem to have been chiselled; such are its stupendous abysms, its vast and caverned sides, and summits of every form and altitude, shooting to the stars.—Eschylus might have wandered here, and heard the wild natives corroborate his story; for they tell of the bones of an enormous giant, which have lain since the wreck of the first world, a monument of divine wrath, exposed on the summit of Elborus; and that some great prince once ascended the height, with an intention of bringing down the body of this Eastern Titan, and give it royal sepulture.—But he had scarcely penetrated any distance into the hitherto untrodden depths of the mountain, when a huge mass of snow, which in its hovering fall darkened the sun, broke from the frozen summit, and overwhelmed the

prince and his attendants.—When the people repeat this tradition, they lower their voices, and express their belief that this calamity befel the party, from the watchful vengeance of the genii who had the mysterious relics in charge; and also to shew, that the doom of their being left to bleach on that unsheltered rock, shall never be reversed.—The head of the mountain is rarely visible, from its immense super-eminent altitude, and the constant succession of billowy clouds which, sailing onwards from the adjacent Caspian towards the Euxine sea, assume a thousand shrouding and visionary forms around its tremendous glaciered peak.—The natives shudder when they look up to it; and according to the hue of the vapour being dark or light, calculate omens for the fortune of their day's husbandry. All around this giant mount, rise the white summits of others, still far above the line naturalists denominate the altitude of snow; and shooting their heads above those of subordinate Alps, which in any other neighbourhood, would be considered the most stupendous mountains. Such, then, is the first great chain of this rocky world; and with an awed imagination, I proceeded towards the yet more sublime and interesting "mountains of Armenia," which gave refuge to the second father of mankind. In my way thither, I had to traverse many a varied scene; to climb many a sterile height, to cross many a barren plain. Then again the hills would smile with verdure, and the vales spread their luxuriant herbage;—for in these regions spring the four magnificent rivers, recorded in Holy writ as having their fountains in the vicinity of Eden. They are now called the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Aras (anciently Araxes,) and the Kur (anciently Cyrus;) but the Scripture names for the three latter, were the Hiddekel, the Pison, and the Gihon. It may seem a strange assertion to the untravelled ear, but I must remark, that, in this country, heathen and Christian memorials unite in the same geographical, and historical evidences; and with Herodotus and the Bible in either pocket, like my predecessors Chardin and Ker Porter, I compared the described, with the things present, and saw their verity with my own eyes. But the grandest of all these objects was,

ARARAT.

Having traversed many a pathless rocky track, and savage wilderness of country, breaking into endless defiles, or opening into lines of undulating hills, at last a full view of the

great plain of Ararat burst upon my sight, and the mountain itself appeared, towering in all its majesty to the very canopy of heaven.—I checked my horse.—To move a step on at that moment of my wrapt senses, would have seemed profanation. I saw, no longer a desert,—an apparently interminable plain on each side, lay stretched before me, studded with villages. The towers and spires of a superb monastery rose in the midst of them; and the glittering waters of the Araxes, flowing through the bright green of the plain, and by the subordinate range of mountains that skirted the base of this awful monument of the antediluvian world, it seemed to stand a stupendous link in the history of man, uniting the two races of men before and after the deluge. From the spot on which I stood, it appeared as if the hugest mountains of the world, had been piled upon each other, to form this one sublime immensity of earth, and rock, and snow. But not in rugged ruinous confusion; the shape commanded the perfection of graceful beauty.—While the icy crests of its double heads rose majestically into the clear and cloudless heavens, the sun blazed bright upon them, and the reflection sent forth a dazzling radiance, equal to another sun. This point of view, united the utmost grandeur of plain and height. But the feelings I experienced, while looking on the mountain, were most agitatingly strange both to the mind and body.—Shall I repeat the impression?—"My eye, not able to dwell for any length of time upon the blinding glory of its summits, wandered down the interminable sides, till I could no longer trace their vast and receding lines in the mists of the horizon; then, by an irresistible impulse my eye hurrying upwards again, refixed its gaze upon the awful glare of Ararat, with something of the same appalled, yet rivetted attention of the soul, as if I were gazing on the divine Shekinah of the Israelitish host."—A Jew, in my place, would have prostrated himself before that mountain; a Roman Catholic, or a Greek, would have signed his bosom with the cross! I, a Protestant, did neither; but my spirit bowed down in reverence of the memorials attached to that mountain, the imperishable monument indeed, of everlasting mercy. There, the lone ship of the deluge, found its haven; there the dove winged her flight across those shining peaks, to give its inmates notice that the earth was dry! there the altar of gratitude was reared by the

hands of the forefathers of mankind—men, from whom my life-blood was derived;—and the accepted sacrifice sent up its wreathing smoke, under the bright clasp of the rainbow; pledge of refreshment to the earth, and Providence's protection to mankind!

The height of Ararat has never yet been measured with any degree of absolute certainty; but the best authorities would make it above twenty-five thousand feet from the level of the sea; and if so, it is indeed, the highest mountain in the world.—Its two summits, (this sublime mount being bi-topped,) are inaccessible; hence never can have been trodden by human foot since the days of Noah.—Attempts have been made, in different ages, to ascend these tremendous rocky pyramids, but in vain;—Their form, snows, and glaciers, being found quite insurmountable. On looking from the mountain to the plain, along the banks of the

ARAXES,

here, for the first time, I saw a caravan of camels.—They were travelling eastward; and their form and grouping, with their bearded drivers, being entirely Asiatic, the picture was complete.—The husbandmen of the country, were at draught or plough with their buffaloes, while others drove them down to the river to wash them in the stream.—Every object bore the appearance of rural plenty, the weather was delightful, and the hour balmy. The atmosphere was so clear, the whole expanse of minor mountains was visible; and with a beauty and splendour, which spread them, in one direction with the softest roseate hues, and in another with flooded gold. It was sun-set; and all these magic hues passed on and off in his train; but in the midst of every change, still Ararat stood alone, in unparallelled majesty, robed in every ethereal light of heaven.

I descended into the plain, and approached the great gates of the ancient Armenian monastery, where myself and my attendants were to seek shelter for the night. The moon silvered its grey pinnacles, just as my conductor rang the huge bell at the portal tower; and, the wicket opening, a pale, benign faced monk thus bade me welcome.

(To be continued.)

NORRY ORMOND;

An Irish Tale.

(*Concluded from page 77.*)

Miss O'Connor led the way, followed by the two children; whilst the car containing Norry Ormond, and her aged father and mother, her husband's sister, and the little babe, brought up the rear.—After journeying two miles across the country, they came within sight of the village to which they were so unexpectedly transported; and, all at once, as they beheld the little chapel with its rustic cross, they set up a tremendous shout.—Miss O'Connor, with much surprise, looking back; "Won't your honour let us touch the holy ground?" reiterated the whole party; "God bless you, miss, and let us just say a prayer for the good of our souls." Down dropped the man, who was leading the car, on his knees, in the midst of the road, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, and his face directed towards the building.—The old man crossed himself, and began to count a string of common wooden beads that hung round his neck. The old woman muttered some words of Latin; and Norry seemed quite overwhelmed with a variety of contending feelings. She was very weary and faint, and though full of hope and gratitude, yet was scarcely able to ejaculate, "Lord! have mercy upon my soul." The man having arose, they again commenced their journey. The church-steeple was now in view, when, as they turned down the lane, they heard a mournful sound, and saw, at some distance, a funeral procession approaching—It was the funeral of a babe; the father bore the coffin across the front of the saddle upon which he rode, and the horse was moving slowly. A concourse of men, women, and children, mounted and on foot, followed. The loud expression of sorrow again commenced; and as they drew near, Miss O'Connor, who was a stranger to the custom of the country in which she was, and not a little awed at the lament she heard, stood at the side of the road, to let the melancholy assemblage pass. She here observed several females wringing their hands and beating their heads, as if wrought up to madness by their grief. "And why did you die, my dear? and why did you leave us, honey?" cried they. As she was considering how different all this loud passionate feeling was to the silent sorrow she had often seen evinced in her own native vil-

lage, she looked round to see where the rest of her party were; but she looked in vain, the car was not in view; and the numbers who followed the funeral so blocked up the road, that she had no means of ascertaining their fate. Being near her home, she sat down to await the event, and had good time for meditation before she descried their appearance.—"What kept you so long, Daniel?" said she.—"Lord, sure your honour knows I was only paying deference to his reverence, and following the dead, a-bit; and old Molly would not be easy until I turned round about, just to give them convoy—and sure 'tis now many of them is coming back; for 'tis busy time and 'tis little they can spare the minute: but then a bit of prayer and good luck by the way, will make the wheel go better, and all the family will prosper, and 'twill be no great loss after all." "I suppose then you know these people?" said she, addressing old Molly. "I know them, your honour! no, indeed, I did not know one mother's child of them—but 'twould be a sin and a penance not to follow the dead, or to pass by his reverence without common respect."—"And which was his reverence?" "And don't you know him, miss; why, 'tis he in the blue coat, with the sleeves hanging, and the little book in his hand—'tis Father John.—Sure, all the world knows Father John. He's as patient as a lamb; and never bears no ill-will, and 'tis said, he gives a world away, and he carries the mass in his hands always; and 'tis he that bid the childers go to the school; he dispenses the charity from the ladies at the great house, and is a wonder of a man among us—he's so peaceable and so clever at finding out.—He settles all disputes at the fair, and won't let them fight at all, at all: and he never spares himself by night, nor by day; and he converses with us just like yourself, your honour. God bless him; 'tis he that went to the sick and the dead, and lifts us up from the dust when the grief kills us.—O! if all the priests were like him, what a world it would be; and there would be no white-boys nor united men; and no killing and murders, and no hanging!—Poor Judy's husband would be then here this day, if he had come to the parish one month before he did; for he lectures them so cleverly, that they all likes him, and tells him every thing; and he draws them off of the meetings, and sends them to dig the *praties* for the childers; and he gives the bit of straw to thatch the cabin, and he taches them to clane the walls, and is up and down every way among them."

"I am quite glad to hear such an account of your parish priest," said Miss O'Connor; "I shall be gratified in being known to him." "And where did you come from?" said Molly, looking with earnestness at her conductress, "never to hear of his reverence before?" "Why, a great way off, Molly," said Miss O'Connor, "I came from England, where I was born." "Well, to be sure! there is'nt a bit of the foreigner in her—she's for all the world like one of our own ladies," replied Molly, looking a little disappointed.—"Do not mind my being born in England, Molly; I am more than half Irish, my father was an Irishman, and my brother is an Irishman, and my heart is Irish." "God bless you then;" said Molly, a little satisfied that her protectress was not quite a foreigner. "You can feel for the poor creatures, and that's all for one, like belonging to them."—"And my brother," continued Miss O'Connor, "is a parish priest, and will, I hope, do much good among you," "Does he say the mass?" asked the old man. "No," said Miss O'Connor, "he is the curate of this parish, and does duty at the church: he succeeded Mr. B——, who was here for many years, but who, I am told, was not much respected among you."—"No, indeed, Miss," said Daniel, "there you're right: he was not, for he never minded the people, good nor bad, nor looked upon them in joy or sorrow. He sent the clerk over to the church to see if the people was come; and when he found there was company, he sets off to the church, and gives them the prayers and a bit of a sarmont, all in a hurry like; and then he went away, and left every thing as you see—and then came a noise of his being dead, for over-drinking himself, and we didn't believe it until the news of the master's coming, reached us, and then we found 'twas all true—and he had a fine funeral: all the county went to it, though no one was sorry for him, and they made a fine wail over him; but that will do him no good, for 'twas all paid for; and Sheilah made a great noise, for she's a fine crier, and is at all the wakes round the country; and Father John came out of respect to his being a clergyman, and looked upon all the scarfs, and the mourners seated round the coffin: and he shook his head, for he saw all the followers had dry eyes and there was no real sorrow among them, but all the reverse of it.—'Well Dan,' says he, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,' for he saw I was not in the right mind to turn it to any good for my soul.—And he goes on—

says he, 'Dan, suppose 'twas you was in that coffin now, and all this company about you, what would become of your soul, if you don't pray to God to help you here; and is it a time to be laughing, when the poor dead body is before you?—Why don't you pray for his soul?' I shall never forget how that went to my heart."

Just as Dan had finished his story, Miss O'Connor and her protegees came to the foot of the hill upon which stood a large respectable looking house, and several cabins at some little distance.—"Welcome to Lehane," said Miss O'Connor; "come Norry, come, let me help you; I am afraid you are much fatigued; I hope they have made the potatoes boil, and that there is some skim milk, and a good fire to warm you after the journey."—"Oh, your honour's mighty good to mind them things: but I am sick at heart to think of him that's far away, and knows nothing, at all, at all, of where we are going to, and can't think of any one that cares for us, and looks upon us.—But he knows that we are all full of trouble, in the midst of the bog, and that's what kills me all the day long and the night too." "Well, Norry, you will be in better health and spirits to-morrow, I hope; but remember, it is God only who can give you peace of mind; lift up your heart to him, and he will enable you to trust in his mercy, and he will protect your husband, and bring him home safe to you." By this time all the party were at the door of the cabin, close by the parsonage-house; a nice, cheerful fire burned on the hearth, and several plain neat stools, were placed round the fire, and a large clean table stood in the midst of the room. A gentleman, with the younger Miss O'Connor, was waiting their arrival. "And so you are come, at last?" said they both—"Welcome to this place, good folks.—Enter, and may you be happy while you live among us," said Mr. O'Connor.—"This is your home, so long as you wish it—and may God's blessing attend you." "God prosper your honour, and your honour's honour," said all at once. "What a fine portly gentleman he is, and he looks so kind, and for all the world like an Irishman." "What a pity he can't say the mass for us," said the old man. "'Tis then, indeed, he'd look like a king, when he had his fine dress on; and more's the pity he can't; but I'll try and like him, although he is a Protestant, if he'll not be after converting us."

Miss O'Connor said, "Now, my good friends, I have made

this cabin as comfortable as I could for you, considering the short time there was to prepare for your coming.—There is a room for Norry and the babe, and a small one for the old man and his wife, and another for Molly and the children—a place for the turf, and another for the potatoes, and a little garden, with a place for the pig."—"Lord bless you, and what will we do with so much of it?—The pig, oh! 'tis a long time since we saw the sight of a pig! for we had a fine one, and 'twas lost in the bog, and then we never had one since then." "Well, we will talk of the pig to-morrow," said Miss O'Connor, "I will now leave you, so good night," and away she tripped; leaving the group in the cabin full of astonishment at all they witnessed, and scarcely able to believe the reality of all they beheld. Having joined her brother and sister, who waited for her, she gave a report of their journey, and of the delay occasined by meeting the funeral and passing the chapel, expressing her surprise at what seemed to her so strange a custom.—"Customs, my dear sister," said Mr. O'Connor, "generally originate in some popular feeling; and though continued afterwards by common consent, losing much of their original intent, are nevertheless not without some meaning. From tradition these poor people know that the knowledge of Christianity is the greatest boon that Providence has blessed us with; and the standard of the cross, which you will perceive raised over their chapels, is the sacred emblem of that religion, of which they, in common with us, profess to be members. Many of them, like many of our own church, continue the outward mark of respect to the symbol, while they have lost all vestige of the primitive feeling in which it originated." "But following the funeral, my dear brother, what can that mean?" "Why, my dear sister, to understand those people, you must know their national characteristic.—Hospitality is a cardinal virtue here; and that may be traced to Scripture, for "thereby," the apostle tells us, "many have entertained angels unawares:" and to maintain a spirit of hospitality in such a poor country as this, where the means of living are so scarce, and the population so numerous, is no small Christian grace. These degraded creatures, almost as untaught as the savages of America, have yet a native generosity of sentiment, that would do honour to the most polished country—they, like the widow in the Scripture, give of their poverty, and never give grudgingly. When

they die, it is expected that those who have partaken of their bounty will testify of their beneficence as a mark of gratitude, and an incentive to like acts from those who surround their bier. We read of Dorcas, who, when she was dead, was surrounded by the poor widows, who wept and shewed St. Peter the coats and the garments which she made while she was with them; and those who have not created an interest in the heart and feelings of those around them, must either go to the grave unnoticed, or their relatives must pay for an expression of grief, unfelt by every one.—Whether following a funeral arise from respect to the minister who attends, or to the relatives of the deceased, although personally unknown, I am not certain, but probably from both—sympathy for those whose bereavement is thus made manifest, and an exterior of regard to the clergyman who accompanies them to the grave. You will find, my dear sister, much of courtesy among these people; a courtesy that springs from native delicacy of feeling; and an enthusiasm that surmounts all difficulties and endures all privations."—"Yes, Henry, I perceive that already.—I have been much struck by poor Norry's grief respecting her husband; and indeed his own words to her, at parting, were full of deep rooted affection and keen sensibility. I am not quite sure that one of our villagers in England would not have lost sight of her partner's sufferings when just surrounded with a new scene of comfort and novelty like Norry's, and whether the pleasure of such enjoyment would not have swallowed up the idea of the absent friend." "Do not laugh at these poor people, Caroline, there is a simplicity that delights me in their language, and I love to hear it."—"So do I, Henry, but you must let me laugh sometimes, when it is an innocent laugh only.—I really regard Norry Ormond very much, and respect her feelings, and quite long to see her liege lord. I wonder if he is as bigotted as the old man is, who is sorry you do not read the mass, and who intends to like you, although you are a Protestant, if you'll not be after converting him." "Well, Caroline, this is nothing wonderful to me. I do not like him the less for this tenacity about his faith, and I know he will like me; for I will never misuse my profession and my influence to render him miserable. First impressions are powerful upon the mind of man, and probably were this man to feel the full force of any thing that lessened his reverence for his own faith, he might not have the capacity to replace the vacuum that would be left with

any thing better; indeed I should fear that, as human nature is prone to run into extremes, he might set all religion at defiance, and become, if not an Atheist, at least a Deist. I would myself rather see the whole country peopled with pious Catholics than filled with mere professing Protestants."

"Early the next morning, Miss O'Connor went to the cabin, and opening a box that was placed in Norry's room, gave some plain but comfortable garments from out of it to the different members of the family.—"And now, Norry," said she, "I hope to see your house kept clean, and the children sent regularly to the school. You shall have a wheel, and Father John will come to see you, and my brother too will call upon you; for he says, as soon as you are able to walk as far as our farm-yard, you shall choose a pig, and have it for your own." "God bless his honour for ever and ever," said she; "and sure, if we cannot pay the rent out of the wheel and the pig, 'twill be bad luck upon us.—But, miss, I have been thinking all night that as you are just come off the seas, and left England so short a time, perhaps you saw Ormond, and it would make me quite well to think you would just tell us where to meet him: and the master at the school-house would write to him, and bid him come back again to us, for we're all changed since he went away." "O Norry, England is a large place, and I did not know your husband then, and I cannot give you any account of him: but never fear, Norry, I will get some one to be on the watch for him against he comes back, and you must put your confidence in God, and get strong against he arrives." "O but, miss, 'tis the fear of the whiskey that kills me: if he thinks I am gone away, he'll go to the public-house, and then he'll be an united man and be hanged, like poor Judy's husband.—'Tis never in their senses, they goes to be wicked, and comes to harm.—No, miss, 'tis what you knows nothing about: 'tis them rogues that are watching for their lives, and that tempts them to become so cruel, and that tells them the lies, and then betrays them."—"Well, Norry," said Miss O'Connor, "remember, Father John is here now, and he will never let Ormond get into trouble, if he will listen to good advice: and I will speak to him respecting your husband." "Well, I suppose, it must be so," said Norry, despondingly, "and it is a long time before he'll come home to his own country, more's the worse for him and for me too.—But miss, Daniel says, the

great master, who owns all the estate, is coming, and he never was in these parts before; is he like the young master that I saw here last night?" "I cannot tell you, Norry, for I have never seen him: he is coming, I believe, to take possession of the living, for my brother is only the curate, and we do not know whether Mr. Bennet will live here, and assist in doing duty, or whether he will live away, and employ another assistant beside my brother.—And now, Norry, I must go to the school, where I hope to see your little ones; and I shall send you a wheel and some flax to spin; and Molly shall have some yarn: and pray take care of yourself, and keep up your spirits, and do not think of the worst that can happen, but look to the bright side, and put your trust in God." Scarcely had this tender-hearted young lady left the cabin, when Father John, who was passing the door, seeing a new face, looked in—"Walk in your reverence," said Norry, "pray be sated.—Here we are all of us transported from the little cabin in the Bog.—O yea, O yea, 'tis no wonder that you stares at us all—sure 'tis like a dream to me to be here all in such comfort, only for Darby.—Oh! your reverence, if you'd just write a bit of a letter to him, and tell him not to be going after the united men when he comes back, and can't see us in the ould home—I'll pray for yon, for ever and ever." "Never fear, my friend," said Father John, "your husband is in good hands, and we will all of us have a watch for his return, and bring him here to you safely, please God.—What a nice young lady we have got now among us," added Father John. "O, to be sure she is, and wonderfully kind—and talks just like a clergyman; and 'tis she that is so good to us all and brought us here, and clothed us, and is going to give us some spinning to do.—How sorry I am she is not an Irishwoman! though she looks just like one for all the world; for I always thought them English ladies was so nice and so nate, they didn't think of any thing but the keeping themselves clane, and putting on them bonnets and gowns in the right way, and wouldn't mind the likes of us—and they looks very comely; but they never had hearts no bigger than bird's hearts, although they are so fine and grand to look upon; but now I am thunder-struck to see how she pities us, but I know 'tis all because she has some of the right blood in her veins."

(To be continued.)

CHEROKEAN TRADITION*.

Our ancestors have preserved from generation to generation the transmigrations of Agen-Kitchee-Moniton, in the following words:—

Supreme power resided, from all eternity, in Agen-Kitchee-Moniton, and at one period of the world he resolved to visit the earth, that he might more narrowly observe the works of his creation.

He descended from his heavenly mansion, and transforming himself into a wolf, he associated with the first herd that he chanced to meet.

The wolves were surprised at the arrival of a stranger, and the elder ones gathering round, asked him several questions, and scrupulously refused to admit his right of relationship, until they were satisfied that his birth was derived from the original stock.

"I am very well pleased with these animals," said Moniton to himself, while pursuing the chace with them: "they still use the gifts which I bestowed on them, and their disposition is the same; they are as cunning, agile, and persevering now, as they were in the infancy of time; on important occasions they assemble to cousult on the expediency of attacking the enemy, or in preparing for a defence, and every one is contented with the share that falls to him, in the division of the booty. It is true, that famine, and other casualties, sometimes diminish their numbers; but this is soon repaired by a favourable season. Individuals must suffer for the general welfare, and the wolf-race shall be protected 'till a distant period, when men who cultivate the ground, shall possess their land and lessen their numbers."

Moniton remained with the herd five days, and then quitting it for the form of a bear, entered one of their dens.

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* Thie ancient tradition was translated in 1774, by order of the great war chief Attical Culla, (the little carpenter) that it might be sent to Lord William Campbel, then governor of South Carolina. Some years after, Mr. Atkins, Lord W. Campbel's secretary, allowed me to copy it.

"What business have you here?" said a surly he-bear as Moniton walked in: "I have taken much pains to dig this hole out, and you may perceive that there is only room for my wife and her little ones."

"Do your friends never visit you?" asked Moniton.

"I know nothing of friends: begone!—or I will soon shew you that every man is master in his own house." "Well," thought Moniton, "I cannot be displeased that the son should follow the steps of his father;—savage and unsociable as this animal is, I expected to find him so.—What he is, his ancestors were, and such will be his posterity." Assuming now the shape of a fox, he soon found himself noticed by one of that species.

"Ah! ah!" said he, shrewdly suspecting his appearance; "methinks that thou hast a very strange and suspicious air. Do I not discover something of the bear in it?—Come, come, my friend, tell me honestly, who thou art, and whence thou comest? or prepare thyself to receive an unwelcome reception among us foxes."

"I am myself a fox," replied Moniton, "and of unquestionable origin: I come from the Chevyhum* country, and I require food."

"Thy fortunes, friend, must be greatly fallen indeed, to oblige thee to ask for provisions of us, who live only upon what we can procure by fraud and cunning. Why dost thou not follow the chace as we do? where hast thou hitherto received thy breeding?"

"In the canton of Noyawader, which is abundantly supplied with game."

"Thou wilt not find that to be the case here," rejoined Reynard; "alas! the dangers and the pains which we endure render our lives very wretched. What with fear and danger, hunger and want, there is no intermission to our sufferings; and surrounded as we are by snares, thou mayest judge thyself, whether we have any food to bestow on a stranger. Go, then, and return to thy country of Chevyhum, thy canton of Noyawander."

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* Cheryhum.—This tract of country is situated towards the east of the Temtong, inhabited by the Cherokee Indians, It was formerly divided into several tribes, and was very powerful.

"It is my wish to return thither, and if you will come with me, I will entertain you well."

"I should rather expect to be betrayed by thee, friend."

"What can induce you to think that one fox would treacherously ruin another? one would imagine, to hear you talk, that you had lived among men."

"We are well acquainted with that animal, and although they are ignorant of the circumstance, we are better supplied with provisions by them than by any other means."

"In what manner are they so beneficent to you?"

"Why, men are often at war with each other, and those bodies which fall in battle, if they are not eaten by the living, remain a prey for us."

"What do I hear!" exclaimed Moniton, "does man feed upon the flesh of his fellow-creature?"

"Feed upon him! aye, friend, and that is one of our greatest misfortunes; if it were not for that, we foxes might be fat and sleek from one year's end to another. Oh! that the race were more numerous than it is! life would then be a continual feast!"

"The wish of your heart," replied Moniton, "may one day be granted: and in so saying, he suddenly disappeared to pursue his inquiries on the other side of the Alleghennies, where, transforming himself into a buffalo*, he thus addressed one that approached him. "You possess a fine and fertile country here! How extensive and beautiful are these savannahs, adorned with the bending reed and fruitful cane! and how abundant the pasturage!"

"And yet," replied the buffalo, "these blessings do not give

* Before the establishment of the whites to the west of the Alleghanny mountains, the plains of Kentuckey, Sciota, Wabash, and Tenegee, were covered with buffaloes, which were little interrupted by the indigenous inhabitants; but since the planting of colonies in these provinces, they have been almost all entirely destroyed. The flesh of the buffalo is sold like beef at Lexington and at Loinsville. Some of these animals have left the Alleghenny mountains, and have joined those that pasture in the vast savannahs towards the west of the Mississippi. I have seen some which have weighed fifteen hundred pounds. The buffalo is called by Buffon, the wild ox.

happiness; we are kept in such continual fear from a creature called the mamoth*, which descends from the mountains and traverses our plains; it overthrows trees with its horns, and devours us and destroys our habitations. It is this monster that kills our peace, and renders these bounties of nature so useless to us. For what purpose could Agen-Kitchee-Moniton give birth to this terrible creature?" "I think I can satisfy you on that point," said Moniton; "it was formed, no doubt, to prevent famine in your kind, which your numbers would otherwise create, if not lessened by some means; and we know that Agen-Kitchee-Moniton has done all that ought to be done for his creatures; but to content them was impossible. This mamoth will, on some future day, be annihilated, and its monstrous bones will be a subject of wonder and astonishment to posterity. In the mean time, why do you not ford the Mississipi? you will find on the western borders of that magnificent river, a vast extent of country, and every thing comfortable and convenient."

"The love of our native land so powerfully attaches us to it, that we must be much more wretched than we are, before we can determine to quit it for ever, and the mamoth would perhaps follow us thither. Besides, we have to contend with a foe not less cruel than he is, and one who threatens us with extinction!"

"And who can be more fatal to you than the mamoth?" said Moniton.

"Oh! a much meaner animal than he is, I can assure you; a creature without hair to shield him from the piercing rays of the sun; and who has only two legs to support him under the greatest fatigues: he often regales himself with our flesh, and then reposes under the shade of the finest trees. The power of this beast is chiefly owing to the knowledge it possesses in lighting a certain kind of fire, which baffles all our researches to find out whence this wonderful faculty is derived."

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* The mamoth, according to the indigenous inhabitants, is a carnivorous animal; and their tradition further asserts, that they still exist beyond the great lakes, towards the north. The great spirit, say they, perceiving the ravages which these creatures made among the buffaloes, the deer, and the elk, in the neighbourhood of the Ohio, destroyed them by peels of thunder, and exiled the rest to distant countries.

"We have discovered," replied Moniton, "that this power is given to him for arms of defence; without its assistance, this animal's sojourn on earth would be impossible: therefore, you ought not to complain; for with this exception, your condition is not more unhappy than his.—Pray how does he make use of this useful element to your injury?"

"By setting fire to our canes and reeds, which being dried, are easily lighted, and we fall a speedy sacrifice to the flames."

"But why do you not run from them; you have four feet, and they have only two?"

"Fear overcomes our strength, and we have no power to make our escape."

"Then be satisfied: for, no doubt, it is wise that this order in the creation should be:" which having said, he quitted the disconsolate buffalo, to converse a short time with the canine race.

"Ah! comrade," said he to the first dog which met him, "for pity's sake, give me some food, I am almost starved?"

"Ask my master, who is basking in the sun; I have nothing to give you; I am only a slave; man is no friend of our's; it is only when he has more than he requires that we partake of his bounty: at other times he cares not what we suffer. The master whom I now serve, is an ungrateful brute; and it is in vain to endeavour to please him. I am always thinking of some new trick to give him entertainment, and he as constantly rebuffs all my attempts; but I ought not to complain, he has no more regard for his wife than he has for me; and so harshly is she treated, that I am not quite sure whether I would change places with her. I should like to know why a man, who enjoys freedom himself, should have two slaves to tyrannize over thus unmercifully. I will bear it no longer; I will leave him, and live in independence; for although I have not the gift of speech, as he has, yet I do not think the less, and my ideas are clear, and more just than his. How often has my sagacity discovered what he never dreamed of! and on how many occasions of danger would he have perished, without my aid! I will bear it no longer! but in future, I shall range with my relations, the wolves. I shall then be subject to no control. I shall have a wife and children to succour me in the decline of life; and, for the first time since my birth, I shall enjoy the blessings of liberty."

"You ought well to weigh the matter before you execute this project," rejoined Moniton; "I know the pride of the wolves is such, that they will despise you for being in a state of subjection, and deem their stock disgraced by admitting your claims of kinship. It is not many days since I was in their company, and you may take advantage of my experience and not expose yourself to their oppression or neglect; and after all, what is there in the general situation of your race, that has caused the disgust you have expressed?

"It seems to me, that, inasmuch as peace is preferable to war, rest to labour, and balmy sleep to disturbed slumber; so is a reasonable and gentle servitude more desirable than unbridled liberty. Your services are necessary to man, and your wants are relieved by his means; and thus you are mutually useful. If you inquire further, you will find, that they are not all like your master. Be content, and be happy."

(To be continued.)

GENTLEMEN FARMERS.

Lord Erskine was once riding in company with Mr. Coke, through that garden of English agriculture, the county of Norfolk, when coming opposite to a finely cultivated field, his lordship jumped up, and exclaimed in exstacy, "What a beautiful piece of *lavender*!" It happened to be a field of *wheat*. The mistake, doubtless, arose from his lordship never having before seen wheat under the new system of drill husbandry.

Such a mistake in one, whose claims to immortality bestow something superior to a knowledge of wheat and lavender, may be excused; but what shall be said for no less a personage than a late President of the Board of Agriculture itself, making a blunder still worse? General Fitzroy is fond of relating, that the first time Sir John Sinclair came upon the general's farm, he was showing Sir John a field of young barley, when the worthy baronet exclaimed, "You are very backward in that *wheat* crop." "Good heavens!" said the general, "can this be the President of the Board of Agriculture?"

TARA'S HALLS.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER, TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 100.)

Honour for thee, my country! to this my soul
Aspireth; and to such sublimer end
I gird myself, and climb life's toilsome steep
With patient expectation.—Yea, foretaste
Of Ireland's glorious day, comes o'er me.—
Spirits unseen, upon my footsteps wait,
And minister strange music; which doth seem
Now near, now distant, now on high, now low,
Then swelling from all sides, with bliss complete,
And full fruition, stills my anxious soul—
For Peace dwells on the note, and Erin's voice
Mingles her song of gladness with the seraph strain!

When we parted at the door of the little cabin, now the sole palace of the venerable old prince and his daughter, the last thrills of the dirge from the separating mourners, were dying on our ear.—She leaned her head on my shoulder, and, in a low trembling tone, softly murmured, as if the voice of departing angels whispered there,—"It is such a song, at such an hour, that brings the spirits of those we loved, again around us!—Look on yon sky, tremulous with a thousand stars; may not my father and brother hover in their beams, and with the soul of the now happy Maurice, listen with a pitying tenderness to that sad coronoch?—Oh, my friend, such strains are dear to the Irish heart!—Wherever I may die, remember, that I wish to pour my last breath into a stream of music, a sacred anthem of my country; and so pass to heaven, 'mid sounds and scenes which make this earth resemble heaven!" I felt that she meant, that earthly heaven was her affianced husband's bosom; and fondly I clasped her there.

Having left her, and retired to my own not far distant lodging, I found sleep impossible.—All was at stir within me.—Solemn, tender, were my thoughts, but agitated like the waters of that holy fountain of Jerusalem, which an angel blessed in touching.—All these thoughts were bent on Sadeb; and on the sequestered strangeness of this place, and its manners; all so unlike the common aspects and usages of the world be-

yond the little circle of their old Milesian memories.—Dwelling thus on the loveliest of beings, and the wild romance of her extraordinary situation, I could not compose myself to rest; so taking up the unfinished manuscript of her father,—I gazed a moment at the bright star, where her poetical imagination had imaged his spirit enshrined; and by its light alone, I almost fancied I could have read his record of other times.—But withdrawing again from the little uncurtained window, I sat down by my candle, and recommenced the perusal where the interruption of poor dame O'Donoughue and the soldier had broken it off.—The first sentence harmonized strangely with my recent thoughts, and his daughter's words at parting; it seemed, indeed, as if our spirits were in communion!—The manuscript recommenced thus:--

"Here I sit alone, in the long-deserted watch-tower of my father's halls; my lamp, and as long-forgotten memories, my sole companions.—The night, like our fates, is dark; but the moon breaks out for a moment, and shedding her pure light on the distant misty hills, like a ray of hope on a withered heart, bids me look to heaven for its spring again.—And, what is that I hear on the still night air?—It is the harp of my country, touched by the hand of our yet hereditary royal bard, soothing my father's sleepless eyes to rest. Such is the strain of the Benshi, calling the departing spirit to the company of the blest; pleasant, and mournful to the soul!—Yes, thy harp, beloved Erin, hath a charm, superior to all other music; its wild notes, like those of the turtle in her nest, hath a power impossible to define, but impossible to resist.—And why?—Our native music is that of nature, not of science; it is the effusion of passion, and the heart, breathed in sweetest melody.—Listen to our dirges; they were composed by bards, bending over the shrouded body of their chief.—Hearken to our war-songs! they sprung to the lip amidst the rage of battle; and often pealed amongst the death-strokes, into the shock of which the minstrel himself, smote with the enthusiasm he inspired, had plunged; mingling the last sounds of his harp, with perhaps his dying groans.—Then for our love ditties, the lullaby of heaven to the strife-wearied warrior's heart! they were composed in the very presence of the beloved they besought.—Need we speak the inspiration of such a presence!—But now, all this is no more! our warriors, their deeds, their loves, even

the bards themselves, survive only in the songs of their country;—songs, beauteous and sad, like the strains of the Eolian harp; and like them, murmuring only to the winds.—Nursed amid these memories, listening to tales of high-seated ancestry, which teach the fallen descendant, to find comfort in being left to inhabit the ruins of his former home: for there he hails the monument of his forefathers' greatness, in the yet standing magnificence of their unmouldered towers; he reads the records of their virtues, in the still deep-dented sculpture on their tombs.—Yes! seated in this lonely turret, between the remains of my father's royal halls, and the ivyed, roofless aisles that enshrine their ashes, I seem to have taken up my residence between the living and the dead! to interpret to one the language of the other.—I feel, that when I walk in yonder moon-lit abbey, every step I take awakes the memory of those who lie below! and every hour seems burthensome, till I lay me down with them, and am forgotten!

"This was the musing of my world-wearied spirit, stung with a pride, panting to break the bounds of my seclusion, yet penning me within it: still did I frown and murmur, and live, as it were, amongst the tombs, contemning the life that God had given me, because it was not as I wished. But as manhood strengthened, I despised this worse than woman's weakness. 'To bear is to conquer our fate!' my proud soul felt.—To submit to the provision of Him who made me, my conscious, humbled heart, acknowledged to be its duty; and it bowed, consoled.—The peace of the spirit shone over me, and religion bade me smile;—the spirit of that piety, which consists neither of enthusiasms, nor of ceremonies; but which I find recorded in the early history of our forefathers; and which I now register for the satisfaction of my own children.

"Ill do they know the ancient story of this our isle, who describe it as altogether barbarous during the early ages of Christendom.—That holy faith was then received with open arms and hearts, by the ancestors of him, who now, their lonely commemorator, and, dwelling even under the shed of poverty, drinks his cup of water with content; because, the Christian life proves to him—that sweet are the uses of adversity; that contending with fortune, ennobles the soul; that man is himself, for honour or dishonour, independent of any

name, or rank, that birth, or circumstance can give him.—According to this worth, my children, judge, and esteem, or disapprove your ancestors.

"It was in the time of Leogaire, one of the most venerable of our race, and then paramount king of Ireland, that Saint Patrick landed in our island.—I repeat this here, because I wish to enforce, how truly the benevolent spirit of Christianity gives impulse to good laws; such as Leogaire formed, and bequeathed to his posterity.—"The most holy men, (observes this revered code,) were remarkable for justice, and mercy, and hospitality. The Gospel commands us, to give every man his own, not to be extreme on them that do amiss, and to receive the way-farer, entertain him, and relieve his wants."—Thus follows the means of all ranks.

"The dignity of the supreme monarch, was supported by tributes from the provincial princes, in the form of cattle, clothing, and handicraft works. Thus was industry promoted and rewarded, since pay in kind was the legal current traffic. The king, on his part, gave donations to his great officers, of kine, sheep, horses, and arms; while the obligations between the monarch and his general subjects were mutual, each having their rights defined.—The power and government of a provincial prince or king, were exactly similar to that of the paramount sovereign.—His successor was declared in his lifetime; he received tribute from inferior chieftains, paid for their services, was entertained in his' progresses, and attended by them in his wars.—Subordinate chiefs governed their respective districts in the same manner. To these a number of lesser nobles were subject, who dwelt in their own *raths*.—The inclosed land, which contained their house, offices, and garden; and whence they portioned out their territory beyond, to still inferior *Lairds;* who thus occupied smaller *raths*, and commanded a less number of dependants.—There was nothing of hereditary serfship, or forced vassalage, in these establishments.—No man was detained longer attached to them than his own inclination prompted. On his admission to the protection, and mutual compact of one of these *raths*, he took the name of the chief, along with the lands assigned him; and when he died, or chose to sever himself from the clanship, the lands he had occupied reverted again to the chief who had be-

stowed them.—Hospitality having been enjoined by a law; and, as neither chiefs, nor their dependants, were bound to the particular spots on which they planted themselves, but might migrate any where within their not very definite line of territory, where they could find vacant land to receive them, the law commanded that no *rath* should break up without due notice to others around; "lest the traveller should be disappointed of his expected resting place." Indeed, my children, so ineffectual has been the introduction of modern manners, to obliterate this venerable custom—which, I am proud to say, has its edict in every true Irishman's heart!—even at this day the wandering beggar enters the house of a farmer, or a country gentleman, with as much freedom and confidence of good treatment, as any invited guest. And if the mendicant be lame, or from the infirmities of age be unable to walk, the householder is obliged to furnish him with a hand-barrow, and bearers, who conduct him on to the next dwelling; where he is also fed, and if it be yet day, carried farther; but, when night approaches, the poor person has lodging, and is not removed till after his breakfast in the morning. Thus, while a bit remaineth on the board of just benevolence, or frugal industry, poverty may have scanty fare but never utterly starves.—And another motive too, prompts the willing hand.—We all remember the old pilgrim distich:—

The bread of my home, is sweetest found!
But that I bestow is purer bound:
The corn was grown in my father's land;
But the mill-stone came from holy strand,
And the widow's oil-cruse, mix'd with the meal,
Gives the wounds of my sinful soul to heal!

But the Irish code, was not confined to adjoining virtues; it provided against a variety of crimes, yet did not shed blood in punishments.—Penalties, and fines, were its severest sentences.—Thus, just, great, and happy, the country of my ancestors continued, from its first reception of the Christian faith, early in the fifth century, till the expiration of as many centuries onward.—Then, domestic dissensions disturbed its several governments; invasion broke into the land; pillage, oppression, and desperate resources, were the consequence.—The people, turned to the Pope; the princes, sought foreign allies;

and by both kinds of refuge, all were betrayed.—The Pope made Ireland a present to the king of England; and that powerful neighbour, falsely deemed an ally, receiving the gift, determined to hold it his property for ever.—*Erin's green hills, and pasture vales*, were temptations to the adventurous sons, and overflowing military ranks, of the great feudal lords of England.—Henry II., with the bull of Adrian as his banner, passed over into his new dominion, and took possession.—The Fitzgeralds, the De Courcies, were in his train; and the baronage of England, took to wife the principalities of Ireland, with the warrior's sword in one hand, and the bridegroom's ring in the other.—Thus the South-Eastern parts of our parent isle, and the inheritance of Henry Plantagenet, became as one kingdom.—Time only, and events beyond the control of man, bowed the necks of our ancestors of the West, to acknowledge the same supremacy.—The kings of England, in short were to be considered the paramount sovereign; but a regular compact was made, that the native princes of the land, were to govern their own people according to their own ancient laws; and possess every other privilege of their birth, as enjoyed under a supreme Milesian monarch.—Attempts were indeed often made, to trespass on those rights; but they were struggled for, and held fast, whether the sceptre were grasped by a Plantagenet, a Tudor, or a Cromwell. Amongst other acts of undue interference, it was enacted by Edward the Fourth of England, that all the Irish residing amongst the English in their island, should assume the English garb and fashion of hair-dressing, and take on them English surnames. This last injunction was resisted, as a man would the hand stretched out to deface his natural features. An Irishman's name, whether derived from his birth, or his adopted native lord, was part of himself, his soil, his honour; and to give it up for a stranger's, was less possible than death.—About three hundred years before this edict from a foreign land, a decree had been issued by a general assembly of the native princes of Ireland—that "all great families should for the future be distinguished by a surname, not arbitrarily given or assumed, but derived from one certain ancestor of noblest renown.—Hence suppose this ancestor were the Great Conn; his descendants added to their baptismal appellations that of

O'Conn, or Mac Conn; these adjuncts both mean descendant, but *O*, is used in excellence, for the elder branch; and *Mac* for the younger. When *More* is added to the name, such as O'Connor More, then was meant the son of Connor the Great; *More* signifying that commanding epithet. Memory, for ages, dwelt on these appellations, only to be won by a man's own distinguished conduct; or inherited, from recollection of his forefather's renown. To have a title put on him by the mere favour of any sovereign, however illustrious, he could not understand, nor could he be made to value. Anon, you shall have an instance of this spirit, past and present."—I snuffed my candle out at this sentence, and was left in darkness.

S. S.

(To be continued.)

CONSTANCY AND MERIT REWARDED.

The poet, Donne, when secretary to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, formed an attachment, which became mutual, to the niece of Lady Ellesmere, and they were privately married. Sir George More, her father, had no pity for the romantic passion, with which the writer of such breathing lines as these, could inspire the female breast:

"Stay, oh, sweet! and do not rise;
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not—it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy."

He not only refused to support the two lovers, but insisted on the Chancellor's driving Donne from his protection. Yet Dr. Donne was a man of such genius and talent as to attract, afterwards, the notice of his King, and to become rector of St. Dunstan's in the West, and dean of St. Paul's. Their marriage deserves to be recorded in the catalogue of happy matches. When Donne accompanied Sir Robert Drury on an embassy to France, Mrs. Donne, with an attachment as romantic as her husband's fancy, formed the design of going with him as a page.

POVERTY.

How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty!

MANY a benevolent reader, has, doubtless, relieved the poor strangers, who sell "brooms" about our metropolis; and purchased, for an humble, well-meaning heart, more pleasure with the profits of a penny, than gold could obtain for numbers far less deserving. These honest, weather-beaten traders come from Germany and the Netherlands; they come from a country, severely visited by distress, to a land whose industry Providence has amply blessed, to seek that provision they cannot obtain at home,—to lay by a little store to support them through a hard and lengthened winter. The distress, which the late inundations in their part of Europe have spread around them, has this year forced an increased number to our shores, to make perhaps too large demands upon the goodness of the humane; to whom, as a small return, I will offer a little story, of which one of these poor women is the subject. The scene was painted by a traveller, and we will describe it in his own expressions:—

About three leagues from Dunkirk, I stopped to refresh my horse, at a little *auberge*—a place where "*on vend à boire.*" When I entered the low dark room, I was struck with the group it contained. Beside the fire, whose crackling thorns blazed beneath a large black pot, containing the family soup, stood the landlady, looking any thing but easy with her situation; half endeavouring, half reluctant, to retain a man who seemed anxious to leave her. This man was a "doctor,"—a tall, gaunt representation of humanity, who, to his blue stockings, blue trowsers, and blue cap, had, it being a professional visit, superadded a grey surtout. He told my landlady, "*il n'en pouvait rien*"—"he had no time—he must go." Her husband stood by the window, but he interfered not. He raised his night-cap, he looked at his field, he whiffed his three-inch pipe. One alone seemed moved. It was the servant-girl; she went to the stable with a tear in her eyes, saying to herself, "*la*

pauvre femme mourva."—There is a sympathy between the humblest souls.—This raised my curiosity, and I followed the girl into the stable. At the farther end, laying upon some straw, I saw one of the poor "buy-a-broom" visitors of my native country, whose thin, pale face, was lit with a smile the moment the girl entered, and she thanked her for the water she had brought her, with those "*remercimens*" which came from the heart, and which chord with the expressions of the voice and eyes. But when she saw me, her face altered. She shook her head, and said, with a mixture of anger and despondency, "I want no doctor—I have no money to pay a doctor.—Our Father, who is in heaven, will give a poor woman her health again." I endeavoured to explain to her that I was not a doctor, and did not want to be paid, but was willing to assist her "*pour l'amour de Dieu.*" But no—she would not hear, she turned away; and the presence of the landlady, who had now entered the stable, seemed to me very far from seconding my efforts. After a little time, however, the poor woman addressed me; either wanting some one with whom she might converse,—as her mistress had found something "*better*" for the servant-girl to do,—or believing that I really pitied her, she told me, in broken English, she wished we were alone. This I quickly made my landlady understand, and which she as slowly set about obeying, till I thought of ordering her to prepare my dinner, when she disappeared as rapidly as a dainty before an epicure.

When we were left alone, as my eye overran the dark and dirty hole I was sitting in, we entered into conversation, the poor woman's weak voice being constantly drowned in the noises around us,—the screeching wheel of the draw-well,—the chuckle of the poultry, the oath of the busy,—and the laugh of the idle. From what I could hear, I learnt she was in distress, and she could see that I pitied her. Communication begat confidence, and confidence roused feeling—the flush spread upon my cheek, the tear stood in her eye.

She gave me her history and motive for leaving her native land. She was a widow, whom misfortune had left, very, very poor. But, as she knew industry could alone support herself and children, her mind was anxious to find the best way of employing her time; for in her country, she said "the scrap

of Pity" not the Poor-laws, supports the indigent. With this view, she left the village of her youth,—her beloved Germany, and had travelled on foot, the whole distance of the Netherlands, till she arrived at Calais, where having begged a passage over the Channel, she had toiled along the chalky roads of Kent, till she came to London. There, after some months of the closest economy, or rather privation, joined with the most indefatigable industry, she at length realized several pounds, and with this she was hastening back to her home and children the happiest woman, as she told me, that ever breathed the air of Germany. For, she said, she could contrive with what she had raised to buy a cow, to nourish her younger children through the winter, and to marry her eldest daughter, who had tended them during her absence.

The hope of rendering those happy, who were the only treasures she had in the world, and whom she had not seen for so many long days, made her heart beat so lightly it was not a little that could have damped it; but the exactions she had met with at Dover and Calais, had so reduced her stock, that it quite sunk her spirits. She could not see her little ones want, she could not see her daughter go unrewarded, nor would the season permit her to return and repair her losses. What must be done?—She would beg her way home. But little indeed is frequently the pittance of the poor. And when she arrived at the spot where I found her, she sunk, exhausted with want and fatigue.

Here the landlady did not like to receive her, and the doctor would not speak without his fee, but "she trusted," she said, "in Heaven."

"I ordered her to be taken care of; and having made her happy by making up her loss, I sat down to my dinner, reflecting, that one who filled the same rank in the creation, would pass the plains of Waterloo, feeling more of real happiness, from the advantages she had derived by the possession of a few crowns, than many, who had there wasted an immensity of life and treasure, could ever hope to enjoy.

D. D. D.

THE PASSAGE OUT.

Love all; trust a few; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than in act.
Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.

SHAKESPEARE.

When the fleet came round to the Mother-bank, we marched to Cowes, and embarked on board the good old East-Indiaman, Earl Howe, commanded by Captain Murray. The recruits, for different *corps* in India, were chiefly convicts from the Hulks, who had commuted their punishment for general service; there were about one hundred of this description, with twenty-five English, Scotch, and Irish lads, picked up by the recruiting parties, in the common way. Many of the convicts, and a few of the young adventurers, were married; and it was really a heart-rending scene to witness the separation of several seemingly-fond wives from their husbands. By his Majesty's regulations, only a certain proportion of women are permitted to embark with troops. It is a cruel expedient; and I sincerely hope that much misery which it inflicts will soon be prevented. Surely it would be better to enlist only single men, and afterwards to permit none but a regular number to marry, than to break asunder one of the most sacred bonds of human institution, and to lacerate affectionate hearts with incurable wounds. I know not any grievance in the service that requires correction more than this.

The women stood weeping on the quarter-deck around the first officer, Mr. Nesbit, who was preparing lots in a hat for them to try their fortune of chance, as all of them, they well knew, could not accompany their husbands; the men were pressing forward from the waste to witness the touching scene, with anxiety strongly painted on their countenances; the passengers were looking down from the poop with no common degree of interest; and many of the sailors had climbed up the shrouds to view, from aloft, what excited general sympathy. I had been deeply struck by an agony of fear and hope that appeared in the pale looks of a very pretty girl who stood speechless, with a babe in her arms; her cheeks were a trickling stream of tears, and the whole of her deportment ex-

pressed the profoundness of silent grief. At length, the name of Nancy Gordon was called; she trembled from head to foot. The chief-mate, perceiving that she was quite unable to advance to the capstan, on which the hat was placed, humanely took it to her, where she was leaning against a gun, and, to my supreme delight, she drew forth a prize. Never did I behold such an instantaneous change in any countenance: a light seemed at once spread over it, and she instinctively exclaimed—"Thank God!" kissed her baby, and flew to her husband, who was ready to receive her with a transport of joy indescribable.

During the passage, I cultivated the acquaintance of Nancy and her husband: he told me their melancholy story, and I give it, as follows, nearly in his own words:—

"An extensive, cheap farm, that had supported my father and mother, was divided at his death between me and my brother; but, as I had been made an expert penman, I disliked the plough, sold my interest in the land, and set up as an inn-keeper in the town of N——. The coach from Armagh to Dublin stopped at my house, and I profited by the passengers. Besides, I had a great deal of posting, and a very good share of general business; so that I was, in a short period, considered a right shining fellow in that little town. Every one there, who had a marriageable daughter, began to pay me no small attention.

"I encouraged the belief that my father had left me a considerable sum in ready cash; for I fell into the erroneous opinion, that, in this world, innocent deception is sometimes of great use: I therefore got every thing I wanted on credit, and kept my money snug, at six per cent., in the hands of a gentleman who was partner in the Newry bank. No firm in the world was thought more substantial; 'Squire Moore, of Drumbanagher, had joined it, and his estate was deemed a solid security for all its connexions. My mind was easy, and my affairs were most prosperous.

"To crown all, I was on the point of being married to the very girl that had fixed my youthful fancy. Her father had withheld his sanction, for he was wealthy, and the descendant of a prudent Scotchman, and thought me hardly rich enough for his daughter! but now he came to market every Saturday, often for no purpose but that of seeing the run at

my house, and taking his glass with me in my little parlour. Then, in his mellow, soft moments, he would bring round his chair close to mine, and say, 'Bob, gee me thy fist, mon; the time is na far awa—but na mare o' that just noo.' Or when he met me crossing his fields to see Nancy, he would brush up to me with pleasure beaming in his eye, and exclaim, 'What way are ye, Bob, the day, mon? ye ha na been here noo lang syne! right hearty Nanny's eye will be to see ye.'

"But the Newry bank failed; the worthy 'Squire Moore, a real gentleman, beloved like a father by his tenantry and all that knew him, was ruined, and I shared his fate. My creditors came upon me; I lost the inn; my relations and friends left me to sink; my intended father-in-law no more came near me; poor Nancy offered to share poverty with me, but he threatened to disinherit her; and I had strength of mind, at that time, to resist the temptation of making her wretched in poverty.

"For some time despair stared me in the face, and I found comfort in the stupor of *potyeen*, with wretches like myself, lost to hope: in short, I forgot God, and determined to become a self-murderer. With this intention, I wrote a farewell to poor Nancy, and went to a sturk-shed with a rope, which I fixed to the balk, and was putting the noose round my neck with the intention of jumping off a broken window, when I heard from under some straw in the end of it the voice of Nancy—'Oh God! my God!' and my emaciated form was immediately clasped in her dear arms, and my bosom bathed with her tears.

"I cannot describe what followed. Nancy went to the straw where she had hidden herself on hearing the approach of steps, and, shewing me a scarf twisted into a rope, she confessed that her visit to this desolate spot had been for the same purpose as mine; knowing the life I led, despair had seized her, and she determined on quitting a wretched existence and a mercenary world. In short, I married Nancy, and enlisted, for the purpose of going to India, where the people in our part believe that all the streets are paved with gold."

But, gentle reader, poor Bob and his Nancy were unfortunate adventurers; they both fell victims to disease in India. Unhappy pair! I sincerely hope ye found that felicity in heaven which was not your portion on earth. Your baby also

sleeps in the grave! Cruel father! what must be your feelings, when you think of their fate? when you reflect on the misery produced by an injudicious exercise of your parental authority? O! ye parents! take warning, and do to your children as you would be done to; for the heart of age, you ought surely to recollect, is cold and selfish; and you should know, that as much anguish is propagated in the world by the folly of the old as by the disobedience of the young.

At length the boat disappeared from our view—the boat which carried to the shore those mourning and disappointed wives, whose fate it had been to bid a death-like adieu to the living. The yards are manned; the captain arrives; a signal-gun from the Hindostan man-of-war, our convoy, announces the glad tidings of departure. It was a moving sight to behold fourteen brave ships unfurl their white sails, and, like living beauties, assume majestic motion on the blue expanse. The shrill fife and war-stirring drum rousing the anchors from their watery beds, were dear to my ear, whilst my eye feasted on the busy scene, till the toiling sailors ceased from their stimulating "yo, heave, ho!" and the rippling waves curled into white foam as they met our gallant prow.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Mungo Park, the celebrated but unfortunate traveller, journeying into the interior of Africa, one evening, just as he came within sight of a village, his ears were saluted with the unwelcome echo of the distant roaring of a lion; knowing his danger, should the ferocious beast get scent of him before he was sheltered, he hastened forward, and on arriving at the entrance of the village, earnestly entreated for admittance: some little time, however, elapsed before admission was granted him; and he had scarcely got withinside the barrier, when the lion, evidently in pursuit of him, was seen approaching at a quick pace; when, however, he found his prey had escaped, he vented his disappointment in reiterated roars, which, increased by the stillness of an African scene, rebounded in echo, and sounded in the ear like dreadful peals of distant thunder.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. From the French of A. Thiers and F. Bodin. 3 vols. 8vo. This work is strictly confined to the revolutionary period of the Annals of France; reaching no farther than the establishment of the republican government, on the overthrow of the Girondist party. It is, however, executed with so much discrimination and impartiality, that we should be pleased to see a continuation of the history to the legitimate monarchy.

NAPOLEON AND THE GRAND ARMY IN RUSSIA; or, a Critical Examination of the Work of Count P. L. de Segur. By General Gourgaud. 8vo. The author of this work is a truly formidable critic, having taken up not only the pen, but the sword also, to attack Count de Segur. The publication of this critique was preceded by a duel, in which both parties were wounded. Those who have perused the History of the Expedition to Russia, will find this review of it deserving attention, as it affords additional details, as well as corrections of some mistakes which escaped the author of that work.

A GENERAL BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. 8vo. The object of this work is to give a selection from the mass of historical and literary information, with which dictionaries of biography are usually filled. The most important portions of a very useful and interesting branch of science are thus presented to the reader in a cheap and convenient form.

TRAVELS, &c.

HISTORICAL AND LITERARY TOUR of a Foreigner in England and Scotland. 2 vols. 8vo. This work is devoted principally, though not entirely, to a review of the state of literature and the arts in this country. The author surveys, with an inquisitive eye, the monuments of art in Britain, and appears to have taken some pains to make himself acquainted with our learning and learned men; so that he has been enabled to give an interesting and amusing, though not strictly accurate, sketch of contemporary literary history. The epistolary form of composition has been adopted by this writer; whose mistakes, if he is really a foreigner, are excusable; and who has at all events acquitted himself with freedom and liberality, in the execution of an arduous task.

THE COMMERCIAL POWER OF GREAT BRITAIN; exhibiting a complete view of the Public Works, &c. By Baron Dupin. 2 vols. 8vo. In a former publication, Baron Dupin took a survey of the naval and military power of Britain, and in the volumes before us he proceeds to detail our commercial establishments and resources. He was engaged for some years in travelling over the country to procure the intelligence, which he has

since laid before the public; and he seems to have made a good use of his time and opportunities, in the production of this useful and important work.

FORTY YEARS IN THE WORLD; or Sketches and Tales of a Soldier's Life. 3 vols. Among the many valuable works which have, of late, issued from the press, we do not know of any more suited to beguile and interest the leisure of the scholar, or the man of the world, than the present. The author is evidently a man of considerable talent, extensive reading, intimate knowledge of the world, much discernment, and great erudition. It is not that the work before us contains any disquisitions of a new or extraordinary nature, that it commends itself to our notice; but it describes things as they are, in so natural, so forcible, and so rational a manner, that we are charmed by its *nàivette*, its simplicity, and its originality. We have elsewhere (see pages 126 and 157.) manifested our opinion of the work by two interesting Extracts from it; and we doubt not that the suffrages of our readers will confirm our judgment of its merits. We shall take another opportunity still further of proving our opinion of its excellence by some further extracts. After this it is unnecessary to say that we hope these volumes may find a place in every library, where the production of genius, good sense, and good morals, can find a repository and a home.

NOVELS.

Volumes of novels have lately lain on our table in heaps
"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Valeombrosa."

To make each work the subject of a critical disquisition, would not only be incompatible with our present convenience, but would also, we conceive, be by no means acceptable to our readers. We shall therefore merely select from the literary pile such as are worthy of perusal, and simply set down their titles, for the information of those who have time and money at command.

MASSENBURG; a Tale. 3 vols. 12mo.

THE FORESTERS. By the author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," and "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay." Post 8vo.

THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY; or, Joyous Doings at the Restoration. By Ephraim Hardcastle, author of "Wine and Walnuts." 2 vols. 8vo.

THE ADVENTURERS; or, Scenes in Ireland, in the Reign of Elizabeth. 3 vols. 12mo.

POETRY.

A TALE OF PARAGUAY. By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate, Member of the Spanish Academy, &c, &c, &c. This poem, we

are told by the author, is taken from Dobrizhoffer's "History of the Abipones, a people of South America." The incidents are few, consisting of little more than the conversion and deaths of the individuals of an Indian family, as related by the Jesuit Missionary, by whose agency they were brought to the knowledge of Christianity. There are some beautiful passages, as might be expected in a work of Dr. Southey; but taken as a whole, the poem is dull; and in some of the details there is a feebleness and puerility which could hardly have been anticipated in the production of a veteran in the service of the muses.

THE BROKEN HEART, Legend of the Isles, with other Poems. By Edmund J. Reade, Esq. 8vo. These poems are the effusions of a mind endowed with taste to feel the beauties of nature. They are pleasing productions, displaying grace of expression and simplicity of style.

DRAMA.

BABINGTON: a Tragedy. By T. Doubleday. 8vo.—This play is not suited for the stage, nor indeed was it written with any view to representation. It is, as might be conjectured from the title, founded on the conspiracy of Anthony Babington against Queen Elizabeth, in favour of her prisoner the Scottish Mary. This drama, like several others which have been published of late years, is deficient in theatrical effect, while it displays much poetical merit. Mr. Doubleday is not a new candidate for dramatic fame, as he has already published a piece intitled "The Italian Wife," which we have not seen.

EDUCATION.

THE ART OF IMPROVING THE VOICE AND THE EAR, and of increasing their Musical Powers, on Philosophical Principles: adapted to Public Speakers, Musicians, and Actors, and particularly useful for the Instructors of Youth. 8vo.—Both teachers and learners may derive from this book many very useful hints. It combines precept with example, and thus instructs and amuses at the same time.

MY CHILDREN'S DIARY; or the Moral of the Passing Hour. 12mo.—It is the object of this unpresuming little work to teach religion and morality in an attractive manner. The design is good, and it is by no means unsuccessfully executed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENGLISH LIFE; or Manners at Home. 8vo.—Several works have recently appeared somewhat similar to the present, which is executed with more judgment and intelligence than such publications usually exhibit. The style is good; and the manifest design of the author is the improvement as well as the gratification of his readers, by the display of "living manners."

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

Chemical Discovery.—A Russian gentleman, who has for some years been engaged in searching for the philosopher's stone, has, it is said, found out a metal, as hard as steel, and as flexible as gold.

Persian Poet.—Olab Phelair, the Voltaire of Persia, died lately at Ispahan, aged ninety six, leaving behind him a vast quantity of manuscripts.

Waverley Novels.—Mr. Constable, the proprietor of the novels and tales by the author of Waverley, is about to publish them in numbers.

Fruit Models.—Messrs. Pizzigalli and Degaspari, of Milan, have formed models, in wax and plaster, of various kinds of fruits, a collection of which they offer for sale, under the appellation of Pomona in relief.

Morris Birkbeck.—This gentleman, who emigrated several years ago, to the back settlements of America, and distinguished himself by his publications relative to that country, was drowned, lately, in crossing a stream, on his way home from a visit to a neighbouring settler.

A novel, called "Hearts of Steel," by the author of "O Halloran," is about to be published.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
FOR AUGUST, 1825.

His Majesty, who is at present residing at Windsor, enjoys an unusually good share of health. He amuses himself with driving in a pony phaeton in the Great Park, making almost daily excursions to Virginia water, dining under a marquee, and taking the recreation of angling. On the 12th of this month, he returned early from his airing to the Lodge, to receive his relatives and other visitants, whom he had invited to partake of his hospitality. His Majesty's private band of musicians was in attendance on the occasion, for the amusement of the royal and noble guests.

Mr. Wyatville, (so singularly honoured by his sovereign with the additional syllable to his name), is proceeding with his architectural operations on the Castle. The first stone of the north-eastern tower, was laid on the same day that the royal party took place.—The scheme for rendering Buckingham House a residence worthy of the monarch of a great nation, is so far in progress, that a contract has been made with a dealer in stone at Milbank, to the amount, as it is reported, of £40,000, for the supply of stone for the front of the new building. The king has given to the society for the relief of distressed schoolmasters and ushers, a benefaction of 100 guineas.

The remains of the late Duke of St. Albans were removed, on the 25th, from St. James's Square, to be interred in the family vault at Lincoln. His Grace died so rich, that he was enabled to leave to each of his daughters £10,000, besides £18,000 per annum to the present Duke. It is with regard to this young nobleman that reports have been circulated of an intended marriage with Mrs. Coutts. For these, however, it seems, there is not any foundation; as his Grace is actually engaged to Lady Georgiana North, and Mrs. Coutts, we are informed, designs to present the lady, on her marriage, with £10,000.—The Act of Parliament allowing newspapers to be sent to the British Colonies, at a rate of postage of one penny halfpenny each paper, will commence its operation on the 10th of October.—It is said, that the Directors of the several Insurance Companies have obtained a promise from the Chancellor of the Exchequer that, on the next reduction of the taxes, a considerable portion of the duty on fire-insurances shall be taken off.—The Duke of Northumberland, previous to his leaving France, was presented by Charles X. with a valuable snuff-box, profusely ornamented with diamonds, and a portrait of the royal donor; all the foreign ambassadors present at the king's coronation, have received from the French Government, medals, commemorative of the event; each medal being inscribed with the name of the person to whom it is presented.—The following statement has been published respecting the occupation and amusements of the new sovereign of France, while at St. Cloud. He rises at five o'clock in the morning, has all the principal journals read to him. He then breakfasts, receives the great officers of his household, signs such orders, &c. as his minister, M. de Villele, has prepared for him, and then goes to mass. On his return, he stretches himself on a sofa, or goes into the great park of St. Cloud, lies down on the grass, and plays with his dogs, having always ready by his side a fowling-piece, to shoot sparrows or other small birds. At five in the afternoon, he visits his grand-children, and amuses himself with them; then dines, plays at whist, and retires to bed at eleven.--A long pending treaty, between France and the negro government of Hayti, has at last been concluded, by which the independence of the latter is acknowledged, in consideration of the payment of one hundred and fifty millions of francs, or about six millions sterling, for which France relinquishes all claims on her former colony.—A duel lately took place at Barcelona, in which the parties fought with muskets, at the distance of one hundred paces. M. de V———, a young officer, received a ball through the thigh, which occasioned his death. The clergy of the city, and even the Chaplains of the regiments there, refused to inter the corpse. If such conduct were general, and clergymen were supported on such occasions by the civil power, it would undoubtedly check, to a great extent, if not intirely, the practice of duelling.—Intelligence has been received from Trieste, that the celebrated singer Bobalina, was killed with a pistol shot at

Syra, by a young Greek, who wanted to marry her daughter, and was rendered frantic by her refusal.—Lord Cochrane is going to employ his talents in the Grecian service. He had a meeting on the 18th inst. with the principal members of the Greek committee, when he made proposals to them of the most liberal description. By resigning his situation of First Admiral of Brazil, he gives up nearly £6000 a year, and a pension on retiring, besides unliquidated claims to a considerable amount. He left it to the committee to decide what recompence should be awarded him, only stipulating for the sole control of the auxiliary expedition; the trammels in which his lordship more than once found himself involved, in South America, having determined him to keep himself free from such embarrassment in future. Immediately after this interview, his Lordship set off for Scotland, whence he will speedily return, and proceed to the Mediterranean.—In the meantime the news from Greece is vague and contradictory. It is asserted, that Ibrahim Pacha has been defeated, in a sanguinary engagement, and taken prisoner; and that the invading Egyptian army in the Morea is annihilated. *If this is true,* Lord Cochrane's task will be easy, and we may soon expect to see the Turks driven across the Hellespont.

Domestic Occurrences.—At Exeter Assizes, a young man of respectable parentage was convicted of horse-stealing.—At Leicester, Hannah Read was found guilty of the murder of her husband, a Chelsea pensioner. The evidence against her was not positive, but she confessed her guilt previous to the execution of her sentence.—At Hereford, Mr. Judge, the Editor of a Cheltenham newspaper, obtained a verdict, with £500 damages, against Colonel Berkeley, for an assault.—At the Surrey assizes, two girls, aged twelve and fourteen, were tried on a charge of setting fire to a lace-factory at Bermondsey. They were acquitted. These children were supposed to have committed the offence, in consequence of having suffered close confinement, and severe treatment. They were kept constantly at work twelve hours a day. Some alteration in this respect has since been made.—A boy of fourteen was convicted of manslaughter at Manchester, for having killed another boy in a quarrel which arose while at play. A child who had been employed in a silk manufactory, was lately committed to prison for refusing to work. On being brought to Guildhall to be discharged, she persisted in refusing to return to her work, and was sent back to her place of confinement.—At Lambeth-Street Office, a woman charged her husband with assaulting her, and refusing to support her. On investigation it appeared, that the man had *bought her* and married her, during the life of a former husband. He gave bail for the assault. Mr. W. Christmas has been fully committed for trial, for embezzling Exchequer Bills belonging to his employers, Messrs. Hoares. George R. Barrow, a man of colour, some time since charged with another offence, was taken to Marlborough Street Office, by a tradesman whom he

had duped out of some property, when several others came forward with similar charges. The magistrate however, could afford no relief to the complainants, and the gentleman left the office in the custody of a Sheriff's officer.—At the Mansion House lately, a woman appeared with a complaint against a young man for administering to her *love powder*. It is hardly necessary to add, that the Lord Mayor could afford her no redress.

At Bow-Street, a man was charged with stealing apples *from the trees* of a gardener near Fulham. Mr. Minshull was about to fine the prisoner, and dismiss him: but a recent act of parliament, makes the offence felony. This being remembered, the man was committed for trial. A foreigner was charged with defrauding pawn-brokers, by pledging mock pearls for real ones; the former were so fine an imitation of nature as to deceive experienced persons. The affair was compromised. Two battles have taken place at Warwick, between two lions, and a number of bull-dogs. The first lion was opposed to two sets of dogs, three being let loose on him at the time. They worried the poor animal, sadly, and gained the victory, though the lion was not seriously hurt. The other lion was of a much fiercer disposition; and he completely disabled and drove off his antagonists, with the greatest ease. These exhibitions gave great offence to humane persons, and some fruitless attempts were made to prevent them from taking place. A young lady about twenty, daughter of Mr. Barnard, of the British Gallery, Pall Mall, was lately shot by her brother, by accident, with a gun which he did not suppose to have been loaded. A child, five years old, threw himself out of a third floor window, in Marybone-Street; and, falling on a woman, was but little hurt. The woman was much bruised on her head and shoulders. A fire happened at a house in Old Cavendish-Street, in which three females were burnt. Prince Swartzenburg, who lodged in the first floor, escaped by getting out of the window. He has since sent £10 to the landlord, who is a tailor. The mother of this German Prince lost her life, some years ago, at Paris, owing to her clothes taking fire. A labouring man killed himself in the Edgeware-Road, in a fit of jealousy. James Boules, Esq. formerly an officer in the navy, put an end to his life, by cutting his throat, so as almost to divide his head from his body, at his lodgings in the Kingsland Road.

A stage-coach was lately overturned, in crossing the sands from Lancaster to Ulverston. The passengers, coachman, and three of the horses, were saved; but the coach with the other horse, was carried out to sea, by the tide, and lost. An uncommonly fine ass, was, not long since, imported from Egypt, by the followers of Joanna Southcot, at Ashton, in Staffordshire. These mad fanatics gave one hundred and twenty guineas for the animal; for what purpose, is not known.

THE DRAMA.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A piece in three acts, intitled "Quite Correct," has been produced here, with great success. The story is taken from Mr. Hook's novel, "Sayings and Doings." The scene is placed in a Brighton hotel, where Sir Harry Dartford, a libertine Baronet, lays schemes for the seduction of a young lady, who proves to be his own daughter. On making the discovery, he marries her mother, and the young lady is united to her lover. Many laughable incidents are interwoven with the plot, in which the talents of Liston appear to advantage. The other principal performers are Vining, Raymond, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Davison, and Miss P. Glover, who displayed much ability. Sheridan's "Critic," has since been repeated here; and a new comedy, by Mr. Lunn, called "Roses and Thorns," has just been performed.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

"Der Frieschutz" has been acted here, when Braham and Miss Paton appeared together; but the piece is inferior, in stage effect, to the exhibition at Drury-Lane. A new farce, called "Who's at Home? or a Man and his Wife before Marriage," has also been performed, but it seems destined to a very short duration. On the 15th, a musical entertainment, intitled "Tarate, the Tartar Chief," was acted, for the first time. The music, which is by Salieri, is sufficiently beautiful to atone for the stupidity of the drama, which is a translation, very indifferently executed. Braham, Phillips, and Miss Paton, delighted the audience in the most prominent characters; and the splendour of the scenery and decorations left nothing to be desired.

THE COBURG THEATRE.

A spectacle, called "The Burning of the Kent," has been exhibited at this theatre. It is a faithful representation of a most appalling scene, and so far deserves commendation. A still more extraordinary exhibition has since taken place here, being a burletta, entitled, "The Living Skeleton," written purposely to introduce on the stage the counterpart of the unfortunate Frenchman, who is displaying his skin and bone figure in Pall Mall. This strange *entertainment* has proved very attractive.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This house, having come into the hands of a new proprietor, has been fitted up in a convenient and tasteful manner; and a set of performers having been engaged, possessing a large share of professional talent, the theatre will speedily be opened, and will, we doubt not, afford much gratification to the public.

Fashionable Morning Promenade & Evening Dresses for Sept.r 1832

Invented by Miss Corporint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Pub. 1 Sept.r 1832 by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1825.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS composed of clear white muslin over a white satin slip: the border is finished by a double-wadded hem, surmounted by two rows of novel and beautiful trimming, of narrow welted satin, each row composed of four divisions, embellished by wreaths of Urling's pinked-gauze lace, looped on the left side with narrow satin bows, and small clusters of roses. The body is low, long full sleeves, completed by a broad fall of Urling's blond lace. White satin shoes and kid gloves.

MORNING PROMENADE DRESS.

A PELISSE of deep fawn-coloured *gros de Naples:* the border is completed by pointed trimming of the same material, *a l' Espagnole,* edged round with narrow pipings of the same, each point confined by a small button. The sleeves are full, and fastened at the wrists by full points, confined in a narrow welt of the same, and completed by a gold bracelet. Over this dress is worn the present fashionable gauze-striped kerchief, confined at the waist: a broad violet-coloured sash, tied at the side by a very small bow, and long ends fringed. A Leghorn Pamela hat, surmounted by a plume of elegant feathers, and confined under the chin by strings to correspond with the sash. Reticule of violet-coloured silk; primrose gloves, and violet-coloured shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.—The style of dressing the hair is very much altered since last month. The front is drest in full Parisian curls; the braid in small bows, interspersed with curls and flowers. A luxuriant bunch of French curls, to drop on the left side very low. Pearl ornaments are very fashionable, with small white and coloured feathers.

These elegant dresses were invented by MISS PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square.—For the tasteful head-dress, we are indebted to MR. COLLEY, Bishopsgate-within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

The fair votaries of fashion have now quitted the metropolis for a few months, in order to enjoy the freshness of the country air, and the attractions of the different summer haunts of our nobility and gentry. We are nevertheless enabled to supply our fair readers with every novelty in fashionable costume.

During the warm weather, few ladies adopt any other outdoor covering than lace scarfs, or muslin pelerines, with white dresses richly embroidered. Striped silks of various summer colours, are in great request for half-dress. They are made rather high, and the sleeves moderately full; they are trimmed round the border of the shirt with large puffs, each puff confined by ornaments of the same material as the dress. Dresses of India muslin, generally the fine jaconot, are much in favour for home costume; they are made *en blouse*, with the sleeves very wide, and confined at the wrist and half-way up the small part of the arm with three or four bracelets of gold net.

Pelisses of royal blue *gros de Naples*, are much admired for the promenade: they are lined with white sarsenet, and trimmed in the simplest manner. We have observed some trimmed with a beautiful *rouleau* enbroidery, forming, down each side of the bust, and down the front of the skirt, a long ostrich plume; the collar was stiffened and pointed *à l'Espagnole*, the points turning back again over the collar, which stood up in the Castilian style. Another pelisse was of lavender grey trimmed in a similar style to the above, with the exception of broad folds instead of *rouleaux*. The collar and cuffs were pointed in the same manner.

For the sea-side, a dress of fine jaconot muslin, trtmmed at the border wlth two broad flounces pointed *á l'Espagnole*; the corsage made *en demi-blouse*, with a falling tucker of Urling's patent lace. The sleeves are full, and finished at the wrist by points in the old English style. Next the wrist, at the edge

of the cuff, is a broad gold bracelet of filligree work, clasped with a large ruby. With this dress is worn a white chip hat, ornamented with marabouts and fancy flowers. The strings are looped up loose on one side, and are composed of riband of vine-leaf green mixed with gold colour. A rainbow silk scarf, with a broad tassel fringe, to answer the colours of the shaded cross-stripes on the scarf, completes this simple, though elegant dress.

Bonnets of white *gros de Naples* and chip, bound and tied with pale pink satin riband, are high in favour; they are ornamented, across the crown in bias, with several wreaths, at equal distances, of double pink hyacinths with their foliage. An elegant transparent bonnet, of pink stiffened net, is much admired for the carriage; the crown is quartered by spatula ornaments of pink gauze, puckered at the part next the brim. A large bunch of mountain heath, the blossoms in green bud, is placed in the front of the crown, towards the left side; a portion of which falls over the brim. Leghorn hats are alternately worn with the bonnets already described. They are simply tied with broad variegated riband.

The newest head-dress is a beautiful cap of the *fichu* kind; it is formed of a half-handkerchief of *tulle* edged with fine blond, surmounted by a narrow *rouleau* of white satin; one point is brought over the forehead; the rest of the handkerchief forms the caul, and the two ends are brought on one side, where they hang gracefully; the lappets are not very long, and the cap is elegantly ornamented with full blown roses. The morning caps, whether of blond or lace, are greatly improved by the caul's being lined with blue or pink, or other fancy colours. In full dress, silver flowers are introduced on the hair of young ladies; in ears of corn the silver looks well, particularly on turbans; white and red roses, in beautiful wreaths, are very prevalent as head-dresses for the ball-room. Dress hats of transparent crape are much in request.

The most fashionable colours are pale pink, royal blue, and grey-lavender.—Stripes, in all colours, are much worn.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

The milliners are now occupied in varying almost to infinity the shape of the collars, ends of sleeves, and trimmings of *canezouts*. Sometimes the front is cut in reverse, and ornamented with a double *ruche* or *cheveux de frize* trimming; at other times, it is closed in the front; a small round collar cut into figures in the form of a shell and plaited, surrounds the neck; each shell is bordered with a *ruche*, very thick, but in very narrow *tulle:* this kind of *canezout* is extremely graceful; the same kind of trimming is repeated on a larger scale for the pelerines which have three collars.

Corsages laid crosswise are beginning to be again in fashion; three large plaits are formed on the shoulders; these plaits are crossed equally on the back and on the front of the corsage.—White hats are very numerous: they are either of *gros de Naples*, or of rice-straw, and are ornamented with variegated ribands, which are arranged so as to harmonize in colour with the flowers placed in the hat: thus a white riband shaded with lilac, with large white roses, the extremity of the leaves terminating in red lilac, shaded with yellow, with a bouquet of ranunculus, or red and yellow piony. We may add that these ribands are of gauze on straw hats, and with large stripes on hats of *gros de Naples*. Hats of bright green *gros de Naples*, with a green veil, are well adapted for the country, and much admired. A gingham robe, with very small squares, rose, blue, or lilac, composes the rural toilet.

Printed muslins, called cachemire muslins, obtain the greatest favour at the present moment. The variety of colours in the design of the borders of shawls is perfectly imitated: the greater part of the designs represent small twisted columns. Robes of white cambric are generally adopted for high undress—and very often a lady, too idle to change her toilet, contents herself with putting on, at the moment of going out, a fresh *canezout*, or a handsome fichu-pelerine with points, and in this simple attire she is admissible either to the theatre or the promenade.

The country balls display little novelty in the dress of the ladies. Young ladies wear robes of white *organdiè:* three or four tucks are placed at the bottom of the petticoat; the sleeves are short; the waists rounded, with riband blended in various colours, fastened by a steel clasp; the head-dress consists of two large tufts of hair, with sometimes a flower placed a little on one side, under an Apollo's knot; but the greater part of head-dresses are of hair, without any ornament, which permits a lady to arrive at a ball with her hat on—this dress is considered in the best fashion.

Tissues of an even colour, either of jaconot, or muslin, balance the favour which printed muslins always obtain at this delightful season; the shades preferred at present for the tissues are, after the rose, hazel-nut, shamoy, or rather *Jean de Paris,* and pearl-grey. The most part of these robes have embroidered puffings in blue, green, shamoy, *solitaire,* or pearl grey. Above the puffings are two rows of embroidery laid flat.

Robes of *gros de Naples,* trimmed with puffings, and cut in pointed figures are much admired; the *mancherons* are short and full, with long muslin sleeves. With these are worn hats of rice-straw, of a square shape, ornamented with a plume of feathers and blond lappets. Robes of tissue ornamented with festooned flounces are also much admired—the hat is of *crèpe lisse,* ornamented with flowers and points of gauze forming loops. A fichu tippet of black blond is worn with these dresses. *Crèpe* hats ornamented with marabouts, or flowers and blond silk, are very fashionable; as are also bonnets of blond silk ornamented with ribands and field-flowers.

Among the various forms hitherto given to ladies' reticules, or bags, we have seldom seen any so beautiful and graceful as those *à la Duchesse,* which have just made their appearance. These bags have the figure of a lyre, and the two compartments ingeniously worked in the inside have the advantage of holding separate the different articles which are put into them. We have no doubt these bags will soon be all the vogue.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE HEARD AT MIDNIGHT.

Wrapp'd in the sable mantle of the night,
Creation slept, and care awhile took flight;
Serene and calm, no clouds obscur'd the sky,
The ruffling tempest seem'd afar to fly.
All hush'd in silence by a sovereign pow'r,
It was Reflection's peaceful fav'rite hour;
In contemplation lost, I look'd on high,
Admir'd the hand unseen that rul'd the sky.
That hand which o'er all nature fix'd his sway,
And taught e'en all, but erring man t' obey.
Then still as death, nought all around was heard,
Save the sweet chaunting of the lonely bird;
Methought I heard a solemn awful sound,
Whisper, 'tis for that world above thou'rt bound;
For e'en as but a wand'ring pilgrim here,
Thy home, oh! man, is heaven's all glorious sphere.
Life, like a summer flow'r, soon speeds away,
Too often, unprepared man meets decay;
Too soon, his hour is up, his sun is set,
And over life we find him ling'ring yet.
Can phantom's visionary dreams content,
A race in search of pleasure ever bent?
Heav'n promises an age of purest joy,
Which neither time nor place can e'er alloy,—
Heav'n swears,—her doubting offspring scarce believe,
But trust a world who smiles but to deceive.
O wav'ring mortal, hasten to be wise,
On faith's bright wing e'en soar unto the skies;
And learn, if thou desir'st to reign on high,
To live below, e'en as thou'dst wish to die.

Rosa.

A STRANGER HAD WANDERED, &c.

A STRANGER had wandered from Indian climes,
When round him the sea-rocking tempest did beat;
And he thought of the days and the happier times,
When the shores of his home had blessed his feet.

Yet he blamed not the storm, or the rage of that sea,
Tho' death seem'd to ride on that boisterous gale;
No! blessed for ever that tempest shall be
That hurried his course to the bay of Kinsale.

Could he hop'd to have found, while the elements swept
O'er his wandering bark, so delightful a home;
Or have thought that the sun-beam of destiny slept
In storms that were threat'ning eternity's doom?

Yet he found in that island when most he had need,
Around him the sunshine of happiness glow;
And he said, "Oh, 'twas Heaven in mercy decreed
The fountain of peace here for strangers should flow!"

Then blest be that isle, and may never be dim
The beams o'er its verdure so cheeringly cast;
Whose sons thus could welcome a stranger like him—
The ocean-toss'd rover—the sport of the blast."

And thou, lovely Emma, whose heart and whose form
He'll fondly remember where'er he shall roam,
As sweeter than sunshine in paths of the storm,
And dear as the smiles that shall welcome him home.

At the cove of Kinsale he has wander'd with thee,
And his heart beat alive to its happiness then;
For he read in those eyes how content he could be
In the radiant spell of their smiles to remain.

But destiny call'd, and the favouring gales
O'er the bosom of ocean more tranquilly rov'd:
And while softly they play'd in the swell of his sails,
The stranger was gone from the land that he lov'd.

Tho' his own native shores shall be sweet to his eye;
Tho' the friends of his home shall a welcome endear;
Yet the cove of Kinsale he has left with a sigh,
And bless'd the bright looks that have smiled on him there.

Poems by R. Power.

"THE HEAVEN WAS CLOUDLESS."

THE heaven was cloudless, the ocean was calm,
For the breeze which blew o'er it scarce ruffled its breast;
Not a sight, not a sound, that could waken alarm.
Could the eye or the ear of the wanderer molest.

As I roam'd on the beach, to my memory rose
The bliss I had tasted in moments gone by;
When my soul could rejoice in a scene of repose,
And my spirit exult in an unclouded sky.

I thought of the past: and while thinking, THY NAME
Came uncall'd to my lips, but no language it found;
Yet my heart felt how dear and how hallow'd its claim
I *could* think, though my tongue dar'd not utter a sound.

I did not forget how with THEE I had pac'd
On the shore I now trod, and how pleasant it seem'd;
How my eye then sought thine, and how gladly it trac'd
Every glance of affection which mildy it beam'd.

The *beginning* and *end* of our loves were before me;
And both touch a chord of the tenderest tone;
For thy SPIRIT, then near, shed its influence o'er me,
And told me that still THOU wert truly my own.

Yes, I thought at the moment, (how dear was the thought!)
That there still was a union which death could not break;
And if with some sorrow the feeling was fraught,
Yet even that sorrow was sweet for *thy* sake.

Thus musing on thee, every object around.
Seem'd to borrow thy sweetness to make itself dear;
Each murmuring wave reach'd the shore with a sound
As soft as the tone of *thy* voice to my ear.

The lights and the shades on the surface of ocean,
Seem'd to give back the glimpses of feeling and grace,
Which once so expressively told each emotion
Of thy innocent heart, as I gaz'd on thy face.

And when I look'd up to the beautiful sky,
So cloudless and calm; oh! it harmoniz'd well
With the gentle expression which spoke in that eye,
Ere the curtain of death on its loveliness fell!

How proud is the prize which thy virtues have won,
When their memory alone is so precious to me,
That this world cannot give, what my soul would not shun,
If it tore from my breast the remembrance of THEE!

From Bernard Barton's Poems.

NOW JUDAH HAD HUMBLED, &c.

Now Judah had humbled her haughty and proud,
And death pass'd away from her king like a cloud;
And the sign of the Lord spread an awe through the land—
For the sun had gone back at Jehovah's command!

With gifts for the king, that all splendidly shone,
Came wondering slaves from the proud Babylon;
And he said in his pride, "through the east they shall sing
"Of the glory of Zion—the strength of her king!"

Then he show'd them his treasures, his silver and gold,
And the spice and the jewels his palace did hold;
And he show'd them his shields and his chariots of war,
And his temples and cities that gleam'd from afar.

"Behold ye these splendours, that numberless be
As the waves of the wide multitudinous sea;
Go, speak ye of Zion—the strength of her wall—
"And say, Hezekiah is monarch of all!"

Proud Judah! and didst thou forget, in thy pride,
That these were the riches thy God did provide?
But the wrath of his sword shall in vengance be hurl'd,
And show thee Jehovah is Lord of the world.

Time hastened away—but a whirlwind had blown,
And Judah lay scatter'd—her cities o'erthrown—
Her pride all departed—her splendour all gone—
And her princes were slaves to the proud Babylon.

Poems by R. Power.

THE STORMY VOYAGE OF LIFE.

On this rude sea of life why should we sail,
Watching the steerage with a sleepless eye,
And spread our canvas to the fickle gale?
Toss'd by the billows! threatened by the sky!

Of fortune's failures, and of woe's excess,
Who shall the gloomy estimation form?
For one short gleam of prosperous happiness
How many an hour of darkness and of storm!

What is the value of the freightage?—Say:
That man should guard it with such anxious care?
What favouring mart?—in what delightful bay
Hope we the harvest of our toil to share?

Alas! to harbour when we fondly strain,
After long toil and many a threaten'd wreck,
Back-driving winds, and currents stem'd in vain,
Or sands, or shoals, the baffled progress check.

Vain the strain'd nerve distorted o'er and o'er;
Nor skill, nor toil, nor prudent forethought boots;
Struggling, we perish in the sight of shore;
Or gain the land too late to taste her fruits.

Is he not happier in the very port
Of birth-place foundering, than who rides the wave,
Of every changeful element the sport,
To find a refuge in a distant grave.

SONG.

At the midnight hour, when the roses shed
All their smiles and their sweets from their dewy bed,
When the moon-beams shine o'er the dark blue sea
From their home in heav'n, oh, come to me!
And no eyes shall see, and no frowns shall lower,
For 'tis Love's own light and Love's own hour.

And the gentle breeze shall wind through the glen,
And the flow'rs shall breathe all their odours then;
And no sound shall be heard in the heav'ns above,
Save our murmuring sighs and our tales of love.
So then come to me, and no frowns shall lower,
For 'tis Love's own light and Love's own hour.

A. W.

SONG.

OH! WILT THOU THINK OF ME, LOVE?

AIR.—*Benedetta sia la madre.*

Oh! wilt thou think of me, love,
When I am far away,
O'er mountain-billow'd sea, love,
On the snowy-surged spray?
Tho' my home and thee I'm leaving,
In another land to rove,
Will thy tender heart be grieving—
Wilt thou think of me, my love?

Wilt thou think of me at morn, love,
In the breezy perfumed hour,
When the dew is on the thorn, love,
And the blossom on the flower?
In the burning of the noon, love,
In the setting of the day,
In the shining of the moon, love,
Wilt thou think of him away?

When thou lookest on the storm, love,
From the lattice in thy bower,
Wilt thou think of him whose form, love,
May be shrinking from its power?
And ere thou lay'st at even
To repose upon thy pillow,
Wilt thou breathe a prayer to Heaven
For thy lover on the billow?

And when I am far away, love,
On my pilgrimage of pain,
Wilt thou think of me, and say, love,
"Oh! he'll surely come again?"
While there's water in the seas, love,
While there's vigour in the foam,
While there's spirit in the breeze, love,
There is hope—and he will come!

Poems by R. Power.

CONTEMPLATION.

The dazzling glares of day begin to fade
And meek-eyed evening, clad in sober grey,
Roves in mild glory through the peaceful shade,
When solitude and silence hold their sway.

Hail, Contemplation! 'tis thy favourite hour,
To swell with thought sublime the pensive breast;
Oh! shed thine influence on me, holy Power!
And still each troubled impulse into rest.

'Tis thine the tide of passion to control,
Exalt, and soothe, and harmonize the mind,
To teach the weary and despairing soul
To glow with hope, or bear its lot resigned.

The gorgeous pomps, the splendours of the great,
The varied cares that gloom the fleeting year–
These nor with grief depress, nor joy elate,
Him whom thy moral lesson loves to hear!

Cease! ye that boast of wealth or beauty's charm,
Talk not of bliss in this sad vale below!
Can wealth or beauty yield a soothing balm
To minds depraved, or dry the cup of woe?

Ah, no! through this dark transitory scene,
Though all must pass, not one from sorrow free;
O'er foaming wave what bark may glide serene?
Who smoothly steer through life's impetuous sea?

Yet may Religion prove a pilot here,
To guide the bark o'er many a flinty shore,
With hopes of rest the weary sailor cheer,
And point to scenes where billows roll no more!

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the favours of Constance and her sister, with their accompanying communication, which are thankfully acknowledged and will meet early insertion.

Our Bristol Friend E. M. has our thanks.

Rosa will perceive her communication has been accepted.

A. M. of Bristol has our thanks for promised communications.

T. Joseph, and A. Z. are duly received, and will obtain an early notice.

BRITISH COLUMBIA
18
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MAY

Engraved by T. Woolnoth from an Original Portrait

John Baptist Belzoni Esq.

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